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MOVING PICTURE STORIES

June 24, 1930
Vol. 36 No. 849

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Ruth Chatterton

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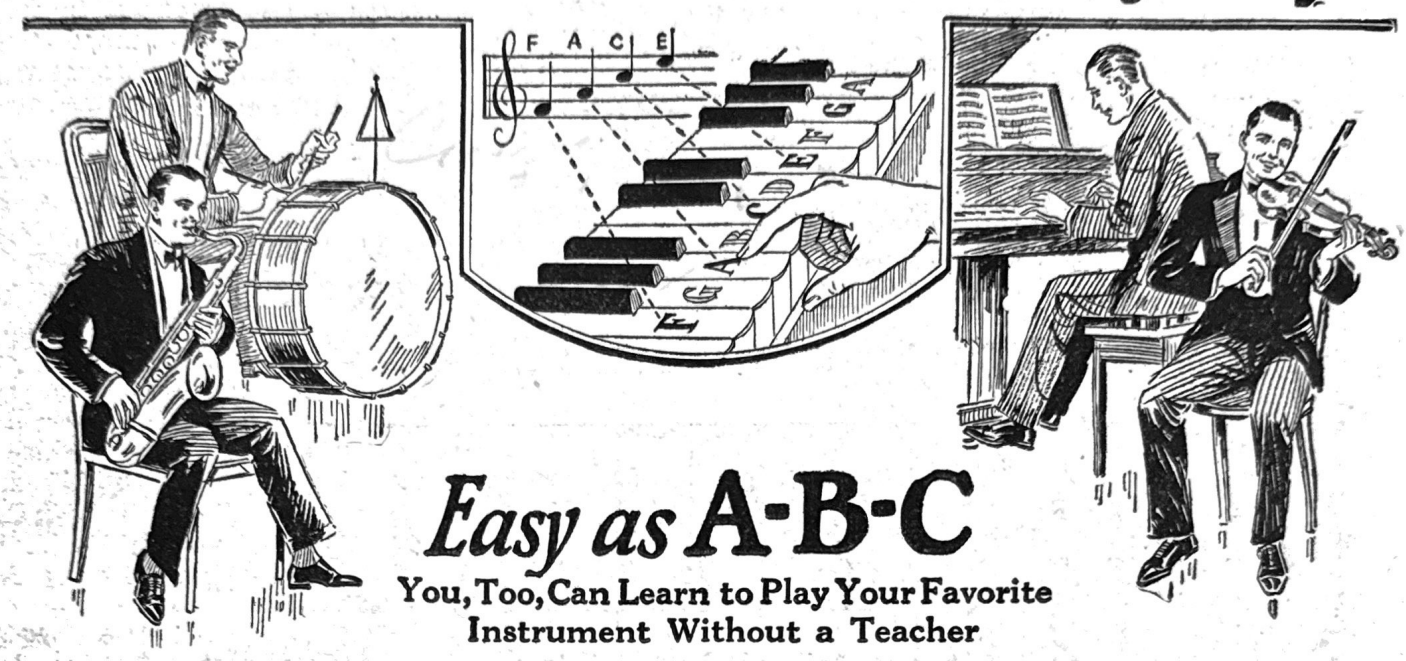

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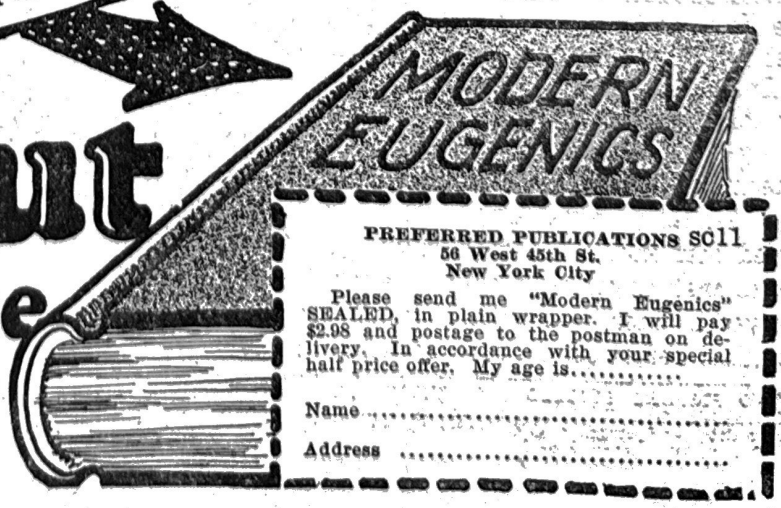

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Moving Picture Stories

ETHEL ROSEMON, Editor ISSUED EVERY OTHER TUESDAY

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Wedding Rings

By ETHEL ROSEMON

This was the first of many visits Cornelia made to the home of Lewis Slater Dyke and their community of interests made the man's companionship the most delightful the girl had ever known.

"SAY, mama, who is the man that's keeping Cornie away from home so much these days?"

Eve Quinn flicked her cigarette as her mother paused to give the answer all the importance it deserved.

"Lewis Dyke," she returned proudly.

"Not the Lewis Slater Dyke?" Mrs. Quinn nodded. "That's big game for our modest Cornelia, almost too big."

The girl's dark eyes narrowed. As soon as she was old enough to think about boys—and that was at a very early age—her chief sport had been to steal her sister's beaux. So far it had been easy, for Eve had a way of attracting every man she met. Her sex appeal could not be denied. The smouldering eyes had an invitation in their depths—and sometimes a promise. The silken hair held the lure of a delicate, tantalizing scent. The slim body curved just enough to be feminine. And Eve knew how to cash in on her physical charms. Cornelia, a few years older, was of the quiet, reserved type. Men liked her sweet dignity, found her poise soothing, but, when Eve looked at them from underneath the veil of dark lashes, they weren't so sure they wanted to be soothed. Up to this time, it had made no difference to Cornelia when men left her side to follow in Eve's dancing footsteps—except that she felt sorry for them. She realized that to her younger sister each one was but a new conquest and that every affair would end the same way for the man—in disillusionment. She was not ignorant of the fact that many weekends supposedly spent with girl friends were in reality love trysts at some out of the way resort. She tried to reason with the younger girl, to point out that, though she was just amusing herself, to her admirers, most of them young boys, the love affairs she took so lightly were the one great romance. But she always met with the same response:

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"Oh, Cornie, you're such a prude!"

She warned Eve that, when she met the man who really meant anything in her life, she would fight to the last to keep him and the younger girl would not find her conquests so easy. And now she knew that she had met the one man.

Lewis Slater Dyke's art treasures, his period furniture, his antiques were famous throughout the country. A quiet, scholarly man, he found his chief interest in life in the beautiful objects his wealth gave him leisure to collect. When, through an art dealer, he heard that a Cornelia Quinn had purchased a genuine Pringle, the mate to his own and the only other one in existence, he decided at once that it must be his. He phoned Cornelia and tried to arrange a sale. But the girl was proud of her treasure and told him decidedly that no offer could tempt her to part with it. However, she consented to let him see it and arranged to meet him at the Anderson Galleries. At the moment of the meeting they formed for each other a liking, founded upon a community of interests. He begged her to go to his house to see the other Pringle. When she knew how lonesome it looked, he was sure she would consent to part with its mate.

Cornelia was charmed with the quiet dignity of his home, fascinated by his art treasures. And this was the first of many visits. Together they planned other period rooms in his beautiful mansion and soon the man's interest turned from his collection to the sparkle in the eyes of the sweet-faced girl as they discussed their favorite hobby. What an addition she would be to his home, moving with quiet dignity through the spacious, high-ceilinged rooms! How lovely she would be presiding over a gathering of his friends who shared his interests and tastes! He loved her companionship, her fine young womanhood.

And in all the time of their acquaintance Cornelia was careful not to make him an intimate of her own family circle. Almost unconsciously she determined not to bring him under the influence of Eve's dark-eyed lure.

"I love you, Eve, I love you so!"

IT WAS the morning that Cornelia had taken her own treasured Pringle down to the Dyke home and hung it beside its mate, playfully commanding the man to keep his eyes shut until she gave him permission to open them, that the butler announced her sister was calling. A shadow came over Cornelia's face, but only for a second. She could give no hint to Lewis Dyke of the annoyance the visit caused her or of her mortification that her sister had taken this bold method to make the acquaintance of the wealthy society man. She requested the butler to show the caller in, then, with a smile, she turned to Dyke.

"Your sister—is she like you?" he asked gently.

"Eve is charming and very beautiful," Cornelia told him.

The next moment Eve was ushered into the room. She had taken particular pains with her toilet that day and the effect was startlingly lovely. With a little fear in her heart, Cornelia watched the light of admiration spring into Dyke's eyes.

"You were right as usual, Cornelia dear," he said as she made the introduction.

"I don't mean to intrude, but I haven't seen Cornie for weeks," Eve explained sweetly.

"Ungallant as it may sound, my dear, it will be worth it."

The man took the explanation as a matter of fact. Indeed, it made no difference what had brought this radiant creature into his home. He and Cornelia had been about to go out for luncheon and, of course, he invited Eve to join them.

From that day on, Cornelia saw very little of Lewis Dyke and their meetings were always in Eve's presence—and it was always Eve who held his eyes and his attention. From her window, the older sister saw them go out together evening after evening and then lay awake, staring into the darkness, until she heard their laughing, tender goodnight at the door at the end of their hours at the theatre or opera. Mrs. Quinn's sister, who lived with them, watched with sympathetic heart as the sadness deepened in the eyes of her favorite niece.

"Can't he see through her?" she said impatiently one evening. "Doesn't he realize that it is the conquest and his money that she wants?"

"He sees only that she is beautiful and desirable," Cornelia returned bitterly. "Can it last, an attraction like that?"

"There is no sense in giving up until she marries him," the older woman advised gently.

"I will never really give him up."

Cornelia turned dejectedly from the window as Dyke's limousine, with Eve snuggled down comfortably in its luxuriousness, her dark beauty gleaming startlingly against the white fur of her evening cloak, drove away from the door.

IT WAS the hardest thing Cornelia Quinn had ever done, to attend her sister as maid of honor at her wedding to Lewis Dyke. She, herself, wondered at the unseen force that gave her strength to stand at the altar, outwardly calm, as the minister pronounced the couple man and wife. Surely the whole church must hear the tumultuous beating of her heart, the sobbing of her soul. But she smiled and only the stricken eyes gave evidence of her grief—and the society gathering was too engrossed with the bride's flashing beauty to give the maid of honor more than a casual glance.

After the ceremony, the two girls were alone in Eve's room while she changed to her traveling gown.

"I really couldn't help taking Lewis from you, Cornie," the bride said suddenly.

The older sister's gaze met hers unflinchingly.

"Your job has just begun, my dear," she said quietly. "Keeping Lewis will be more difficult than

(Continued on page 27)

This is an adaptation of First National Pictures' screen presentation of the story based upon Ernest Pascal's novel, "The Dark Swan". William Beaudine directed, with Lois Wilson appearing as Cornelia Quinn, H. B. Warner as Lewis Dyke, Olive Borden as Eve Quinn, Hallam Cooley as Wilfred Meadows, Kathleen Williams as Agatha, James Ford as Jim Hazleton and Aileen Manning as Esther Quinn.

THE LOVE RACKET

By ROSEMARY LEE

OCTOBER had flung her scarlet and gold cloak about the countryside, the air was like wine and, on every side, California mountains gathered about like friendly giants. A girl stood on the steps of a rustic lodge and breathed deep of the early morning air, while her eyes sparkled with pleasure as they rested on the quiet scene stretched before her. How happy she was and how she loved the peace of the mountains, their bigness! They were her hourly inspiration. But soon she would have to return to the city with its constant noise and bustle, its restlessness, its eternal striving. But she'd be happy there, too, for she had her love. A delicate color tinted her face at the thought and she looked up at the window above her.

"Oh, George, breakfast is ready," she called. A moment later she heard footsteps descending the stairs, then coming across the room. "Hurry, dear. You'll miss the sunrise," she warned.

"I prefer coffee—for breakfast," the man announced as he joined her.

They stood for a moment, looking over toward the mountains. Then the girl put her arms about him and with a happy sigh pressed her golden head against his breast. The man's eyes narrowed as mechanically he returned her embrace. "Isn't it all just glorious?" she breathed, not noticing his coolness in her own ecstacy of joy.

"Here comes that old pest, Mrs. Slade," was his irrelevant answer as the sparse figure of a country woman appeared at the foot of the little hill that led up to the lodge. "I'm going to duck."

"Reckon you honeymooners are sorry the summer is over, Mrs. Wayne," the woman greeted as she approached the steps.

"Yes, but it will always be a glorious memory," the girl returned happily.

Mrs. Slade smiled in sympathy. The first summer of her own honeymoon had been a happy one, too.

"I brought you some fresh eggs," she announced, presenting a basket she carried on her arm. "They were laid this morning. I guess you city folks don't get many of this kind."

With a final nod, she started off down the hill again to continue the numerous chores on her little farm.

"You shouldn't talk so much to that old gossip," the man greeted as the golden-haired girl joined him in the living-room of the lodge. "She must tell the neighbors plenty."

"Why can't we tell everyone that we're two honest people in love with each other?" the girl asked.

"You know what the world would call our little affair," he returned sneeringly.

"Two months ago you termed it a daring demonstration of sincerity," she reminded.

"There's no use being tragic about it," he said, turning his attention to his coffee.

The girl's face whitened.

"You talk as if it were all over, as if you never intended to marry me."

"Well, what's the use of pretending any longer? I'm tired of it all. I'm clearing out."

The coffee cup almost dropped from the girl's limp hand.

"Why—Why—" A sob choked her. "Oh, I want to kill myself."

A smirk curled the man's lips as he took a gun from his pocket and laid it on the table beside her bowed head, then, without a backward glance, reached for his hat, picked up the bag that was standing ready at the door and left the room.

Slowly the girl raised her head. The glint of metal caught her tear-dimmed eyes. As in a dream, she picked up the revolver and slowly crossed the floor. Then she fired and the bullet cut a clean, round hole in the wooden door. The sound of the shot aroused her. What had she done? Had she killed him, this man who had won the first love of her romantic girl-heart? Dreading the sight that might meet her eyes, she slowly opened the door. With a sigh of thankfulness, she stood looking down the tree-bordered path along which a tall, athletic figure was swinging, bag in hand.

BACK in the city, Betty Brown took up the thread of her life, building anew on the glorious courage that was hers, but she was ever on her guard against the world—and men. Drowning her sorrow in a passion for work, she rapidly rose to be the city's most sought-after decorator. Newlyweds with limited funds at their disposal came to her to make their homes like the cozy little love nests they saw in the pages of their favorite magazines; millionaires gave her carte blanche to "do over" the rooms of their mansions—and into each she wove her own shattered dreams. Many men sought the favor of this enterprising young business woman but one after another she convinced them that she could have no interest outside of her work. One would not be convinced. He saw beneath the matter-of-fact young business person the real woman and he knew that she loved him,

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This is an adaptation of First National Pictures' screen presentation of the story by Bernard K. Burns. John F. Goodrich wrote the scenario and William A. Seiter directed, with Dorothy Mackaill appearing as Betty Brown, Sidney Blackmer as Fred Masters, Alice Day as Grace Pierce, Edmund Burns as George Wayne, Myrtle Stedman as Marion Masters, Edith Yorke as Mrs. Pierce, Martha Mattox as Mrs. Slade, Edwards Davis as Judge Davis, Webster Campbell as the Prosecuting Attorney, Clarence Burton as the Defense Attorney, Tom Mahoney as Detective McGuire and Jack Curtis as John Gerrity.

even as he worshipped her. He stopped in at her office late one afternoon, as was his daily custom, and found her, as usual, busy at her desk.

"Marion is having a little blowout tonight," he announced, "and—"

"I remember now," she interrupted. "It's your birthday and I've been too busy to get a present for you."

He came closer and took her hand in his.

"You could give me the most wonderful present in the world," he said softly.

Betty's free hand went back and pressed the button on her desk and, a second later, a grinning, freckled-faced office boy came hurrying in.

"All right, Fred. Tell Marion I'll be there." With a nod Betty dismissed him and turned to the boy.

But Fred Masters was not discouraged. There would be no office boy at his party that evening and he would have Betty to himself.

MARION MASTERS'S home was a scene of gayety that night. Fred was her only brother and she adored him. She had gathered all their intimate friends about her to help make this birthday anniversary one that he would long remember. And, of all the girls of their acquaintance, Betty Brown was her favorite. She liked her self-reliance which, however, did not prevent her from being entirely feminine and thoroughly charming. She greeted her affectionately. But Fred determined not to share her, even with his sister. When she suggested:

"Come on, Fred, you need exercise. Let's dance," he countered:

"Too violent! A night like this was meant for better things. Let's take a stroll out on the grounds." He drew her arm through his and led her from the room, out across the lawn, bathed in the soft moonlight, to a rustic bench in a secluded corner. "You know, Betty," he said, leaning close toward her, "you are the only woman in the world for me."

With a frightened little gesture the girl held up her hand.

"Don't, Fred. Don't throw away our friendship."

"Friendship be hanged!" he exclaimed. "Listen, Betty, you can't stop me this time. I love you. Won't you marry me?"

His arms were about her now and he was holding her close. Into her eyes there came a look of hurt —and of fear.

"I can't, I mustn't," came from her white lips.

"Why? You do love me, I know you do."

She could not bring herself to deny it.

"But I can't—I can't marry you. I can't marry anyone."

With a choked sob she broke from his embrace and ran across the lawn, leaving the man looking after her, too stunned to follow. She flew up the stairs, fearful lest some one should stop to speak to her, and, entering Marion Masters's room, flung herself on the bed and, burying her head in her hands, gave vent to a storm of uncontrolled sobbing. Marion had seen the fleeting, white-clad figure and, as soon as she could leave her guests, hurried up the stairs after her. Putting her arm about her with the genuine affection of an older sister, she said gently:

"Why can't we tell everybody we're two honest people in love with each other?"

"What is the matter, Betty dear? Have you and Fred quarreled?" A fresh burst of sobbing was her only answer. "I had hoped you cared enough—"

"I do care," the girl interrupted desperately, raising eyes that were stricken but still brave. "He's the dearest thing in the world to me but I can never marry him. You see, he thinks I've been everything a girl should be and I haven't. I see now it was only sordid and foolish but I thought I was being romantic and brave. It nearly kills me to have to tell him."

The older woman's thoughtful eyes rested upon the girl's sweet face and a light that was almost maternal shone in their depths.

"But why must you tell him?" she said at last. "I am Fred's sister and he is the dearest thing in the world to me, too—and I want you to be his wife."

"But it wouldn't be honest not to tell him," the girl protested.

"Our personal affairs are our own," Marion said quietly. "Marry him and forget."

Betty sat there quietly, staring into space. Marion was older, could view life with a maturer judgment—and she loved Fred, too. Perhaps she had no right to spoil both their lives for one foolish mistake. A happy light chased the shadows of doubt from her eyes and, putting her arm around

the older girl, she whispered softly:

"Oh, Marion, I'll try to make him happy."

THE Montgomery-Pierce trial was holding the attention of the sensation-loving public. The girl who was accused of the killing was lovely to look at and her pictures adorned the front pages of the tabloids. It promised developments as interesting as a sex play and the habitual court-room audience was looking forward to days of keen enjoyment. Judge Davis, who was to sit at the trial was devoting all of his time to its preparation. He was in his office one afternoon, his desk covered with papers, when a club mate entered breezily.

"Come on, judge," he greeted. "You've worried so much over this Montgomery-Pierce trial, your golf's gone stale."

"There'll be no golf for me until I've lined up this jury."

"Fred Masters will be sore," the visitor exclaimed as he glanced over the names on the typewritten list in the judge's hand. "Anyway, it may do him good. He hasn't been worth much since he's gotten himself engaged. Funny thing," he laughed, "Fred is on this jury panel and so is Betty Brown, his fiancee."

"I'll make them both serve," the judge decided. "They won't mind as long as they are together."

THERE were only three persons in the room the night Montgomery was killed, the testimony brought out, the girl now on trial, her mother and the murdered man.

"I overheard my daughter say, 'You told me we would be married,'" the mother testified, "'and then you said this was just a daring demonstration of sincerity, a test of love.' He shouted, 'You make me sick. I never thought of marrying you.' He burst through the door. Grace was crying and holding onto his arms. They were struggling. I tried to get between them. I heard the shot—"

"The only persons in that room were the defendant, Montgomery and you?" the prosecuting attorney questioned. The frightened woman nodded. "Did you kill Montgomery?"

"Oh, no, no," she gasped, white with fear.

"Did your daughter kill him?"

"I don't know," she sobbed.

Thomas McGuire, detective, followed her on the stand. He had been engaged by the defendant to "investigate" her husband and he had discovered that two summers before he had occupied a love nest at Arrowhead with a blonde woman. At that time, he called himself Wayne, George Wayne.

The only woman on the jury gave a start and Fred Masters, sitting next to her, put his arms around her solicitously and anxiously scanned her pale face.

"Are you ill, dear?" he whispered.

She shook her head, not trusting herself to speak, and turned her eyes to the witness stand where the detective was continuing:

"Looked like somebody had left in a hurry. There was a bullet hole through the door."

"Did you locate the woman?" the prosecutor asked.

"No, that bird had flown the love nest for keeps."

As the detective left the stand, an important witness was announced—Mrs. Matilda Slade of Arrowhead. The eyes of the girl in the jury box widened with fear and she bowed her head as this new ghost from her past picked her way down the aisle of the crowded court room. Yes, she knew Mr. and Mrs. Wayne who lived at the lodge two summers ago. She took them fresh eggs every day. She readily identified the photographs of the murdered man which the prosecutor held up before her.

"Can you describe the appearance of Mrs. Wayne?" the attorney asked.

The woman's keen gaze traveled about the court room and the head of the girl in the jury box drooped lower. Then, with sudden determination and supreme courage, she raised her eyes and gazed straight into those of Matilda Slade. In their clear depths was a plea for mercy, a prayer for another chance. Mrs. Slade's glance held hers for a brief second, then she said:

"She was something like that woman there, only better color."

The golden-haired defendant was the next witness.

"Were you married to Montgomery?" the prosecutor began his grilling.

"He always promised to marry me," the girl returned. "I loved him and I believed him—"

"Until he told you he was through with you?"

Tears brimmed over the girl's eyes and ran unheeded down her cheeks.

"When he said that, I almost went crazy—and then there—there was my baby." A storm of weeping interrupted her testimony.

"There were only three persons in the room the night Montgomery was murdered, you, your mother and Montgomery. Did your mother kill him?"

"Montgomery was a beast, I tell you, a beast!"

"I knew you'd stand by us women, Mrs. Wayne."

"Oh, no—no," the girl shrieked.

"Well, then, did you kill him?"

"I—I don't know," she sobbed.

THE jury was out thirty-six hours and still there was no hope of a verdict. Each vote brought the same result—eleven to one for conviction. The woman on the jury was holding out. Nothing the eleven men said could change her decision.

"We can't stay here forever," one of the jurors grunted. "We must either agree or quit."

"I'll never vote that girl guilty," Betty Brown declared with determination.

"Can there be any doubt who fired the shot, the mistress or the mother?" another juror queried impatiently.

"I believe Montgomery shot himself accidently. The girl has been terribly wronged."

"Decent women don't get mixed up in killing scraps," one of the men volunteered.

"Decent men don't trick women into living with them," Betty retorted.

"We aren't trying Montgomery, dear," Fred said gently.

"But the woman at Arrowhead tried to kill him. He was a beast, I tell you, a beast."

"That's just your opinion. There's nothing in the evidence to show it," the foreman reminded. "We'll take just one more ballot." And still it was the same—eleven to one. "Let another jury convict her," he decided in exasperation as he rose from the table.

Betty started up but Fred's arm detained her.

"Dear, I can't let you get so worked up over this case," he protested. "You must get out of it and let them get another jury. You must think of our happiness."

"I am thinking of our happiness," she whispered. Then her voice rose commandingly. "Wait. Please come back. If I've been stubborn, it's because I know more about this case than you do. That girl's life is in the hands of this jury, a jury of her peers, but there's a higher law than yours to protect women from men like Montgomery." She paused a moment to gain strength to continue. "I—I knew Montgomery."

"But you swore you did not know anyone connected with the case," the foreman said.

"I didn't know that Montgomery was George Wayne then—the evidence disclosed that." Her gaze wandered around the table at the weary, impatient men, then she continued, as if to herself, "I had a friend, young, romantic. She, too, loved Montgomery. He said a thousand ceremonies could not make them more truly man and wife. He took her to Arrowhead and then, when he tired of her, he deserted her. Out there is another girl who believed in him. Is she to die for a man like that?"

"Who was the girl?" the foreman asked.

"I cannot tell her name."

'But you must, dear," Fred said gently. "Who was she?"

"All this is not evidence; it is hearsay gossip," the foreman concluded, pushing back his chair.

Betty's supplicating eyes traveled from one to the other of the faces grouped around the jury table, then came to rest on the one that was so infinitely precious to her.

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THAT'S THAT

By RUTH RAND

From now on, Corinne Griffith's flicker self will live only in the memory of her many admirers. She has said farewell to her screen activities and has set out to enjoy the fruits of her labors and popularity.

CORINNE Griffith's flicker self is making its last appearance on Broadway in the talking version of Fannie Hurst's story "Back Pay". Corinne has left the screen while she is still at the height of her loveliness. Though her contract has still two years to run, she has obtained a release, giving up $12,000 a week to be free from the routine of studio work.

"There are so many things I want to do," she says. "I want leisure to read, to develop my mind, to enjoy the best in life. I expect to spend my summers at my beach place at Malibu and the rest of the time in Europe. There are new youngsters coming along all the time who will displace the older stars in the esteem of the public. I don't want to stay on and on and finally play mother parts. I would rather quit while I am riding at the top and I am glad that I can do so."

We venture to say, though, that one who has enjoyed the popularity that has been Corinne's will miss the work but we suppose that even the loss of work has its compensations—we don't know.

* * *

CHARLES "BUDDY" ROGERS'S brother has affixed Hollywood's most peculiar name to a contract with Paramount Publix and become a featured screen actor. The new player's name is Bh Rogers, which he calls a "temporary title" as his father and mother selected the initials until a satisfactory cognomen could be decided upon. Bh is the third and youngest child of Mr. and Mrs. Bert H. Rogers. He was born in Olathe, Kansas, and studied journalism that he might follow in his father's footsteps. Entering the University of Kansas, he was forced to leave school at the midyear because of illness and went to Hollywood for his health. Bh Rogers paid a visit to the Paramount Studios several months ago and was given a screen test which resulted in the contract.

* * *

Tiffany's screen version of the stage drama, "Journey's End," is a perfect production in every respect. Here are two of the characters that make it so, Ian Maclaren (left) and Colin Clive, who plays Captain Stanhope in the original London company.

COLIN Clive's screen self will probably remain on Broadway for many months to come, for "Journey's End", Tiffany's masterpiece of the year—and of all years, for that matter—is still playing to capacity, but, in the case of the star "in person", it was "in again, out again". Clive, as you know—or perhaps you don't—is Cap-

tain Stanhope in the original stage company in London. When Director James Whale was casting the picture, he chose him for the star part and made arrangements with the London management to release him for the period of production. But this wasn't to be a holiday for the young English actor. He alighted from the boat just fifteen minutes before the time the train for the Coast was to pull out of the Grand Central. He was hustled into a car and rushed to the station. His impression of New York was one of flying buildings and scurrying pedestrians. When he arrived in Hollywood, he found everything in readiness for him and he was kept busy from that day on. But London was waiting for him, so, when the last shot was made, he was hustled across the continent again with just one day to spare before embarking for the little old home town. Part of that day he spent talking to us in his hotel suite. He did want to stay and get a chance to go sight-seeing but he swallowed his disappointment just as a real Stanhope would have done and contented himself with gazing out his window at the skyscrapers.

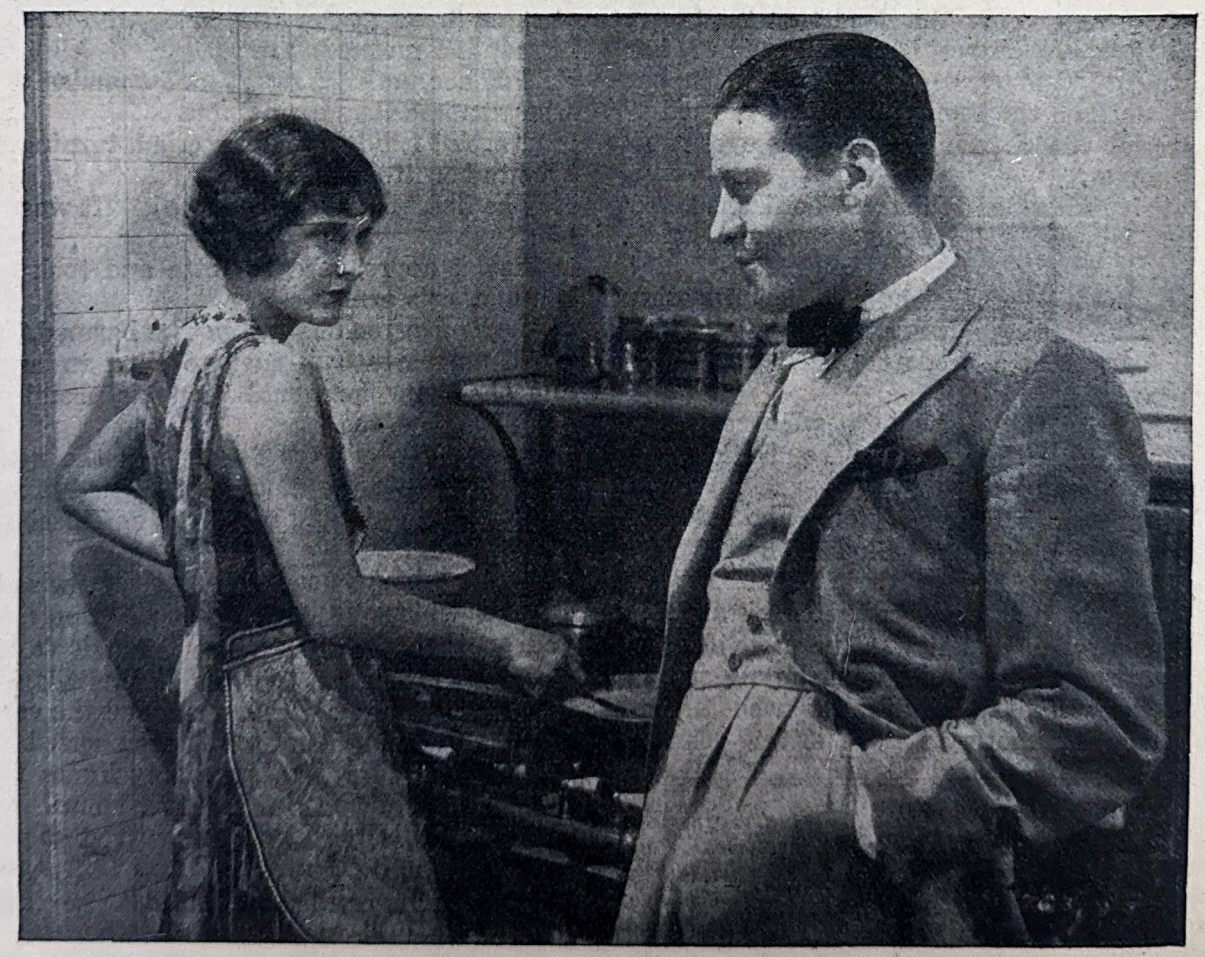
"New York represents youth; London, age," he commented thoughtfully. "We shall never grow up into the air but always out into the country."

That's nice, too, very nice, but just think of the interesting things we'd miss if we didn't have fifteen stories of windows to gaze into as we pause in our typing to capture the next illusive word.

RAMON NOVARRO, now on a vacation trip in the middle West, during which he is studying with his old teacher, Louis Graveure, writes home that he has been in twenty small towns, traveling incognito, and has not been recognized yet. Of course, he uses his family name, Samienegos, and wears dark glasses. He

(Continued on page 30)

A new Olive Borden returned to the screen in "Wedding Rings" with a brand new four-figure salary. She makes you want to spank her, then her loveliness causes you to change your mind. She'll be in great demand now for roles that are beautifully naughty.



Jack Oakie lays his success to his freckles. We have another pet theory and we venture to say that Evelyn Brent agrees with us.

THE THREE SISTERS

By JEAN PENNINGTON

IT WAS a joyous feast day in a little town in Northern Italy, for Carlotta, the youngest daughter of Marta Arbrutes, was being married to Tony, her childhood sweetheart. To Marta the joy was mingled with sadness that another of her trio of beloved children was to leave the family roof. Antonia, the oldest girl, was in Vienna studying for an operatic career. Now there would be only one left, Elena, her second-born. But Marta knew this day must come, knew it even as she struggled through the years of widowhood to give her babies the advantages enjoyed by the children of more fortunate parents, but some day there would be other babies to fill her arms and her heart and in these she would find her happiness.

But now a serious problem confronted her. She must give Carlotta a dowry. Her child should not go to her husband, penniless. She would sell her vineyard. Pasquale, her neighbor, had offered her twelve thousand lira a year before. To be sure, knowing her present need of money, he would now give her only seven thousand. But that would be enough to establish Tony in business, to make a little love nest for her Carlotta. Even as the wedding guests feasted in the garden outside her little cottage, she was signing the deed that made her vineyard Pasquale's property. As she did so, her life-long friend, Rinaldi, captain of police in her little town, entered the room. When he learned of the transaction that was in progress his eyes grew dark with anger.

"It's nothing short of robbery!" he flashed.

"Business is business," Pasquale returned suavely.

"So that's the kind of a friend you are," the other man retorted, "striking a bargain like that just because you know Marta needs the money for Carlotta's dowry!"

"It's very easy to be the hero with some one else's money," Pasquale sneered. "You be the hero; I'll be the business man."

And Rinaldi was not the only one who resented the bargain that the village Shylock had struck. Carlotta herself was filled with indignation when her mother presented her with the check and she learned from Rinaldi that it was the price she had gotten for her vineyard. She immediately sought Pasquale who was partaking of the wedding refreshments in her mother's little sitting-room.

"I want you to give the vineyard back to mother," she said. "Here are your seven thousand lira."

Pasquale eyed the slender little figure in the white lace wedding gown, then broke into laughter.

"This is the first time anyone has mistaken me for a fool," he said.

"Oh, please give it back to her," she pleaded. "I don't want my dowry at that price. I'll do without a dowry."

"Go away brat! Don't bother me!" he ordered gruffly.

Then all Carlotta's love for her mother, the memory of the years of tender devotion welled in her heart and she faced the man with flashing eyes.

"You dirty cheat!" she cried. "You filthy beast!"

At that moment Marta entered the room. She saw the menacing light that shone in the man's eyes, saw his hand go up to strike the brave little fighting figure and she rushed between them and received the blow that was meant for the girl. This was more than Carlotta could stand. Scarcely realizing what she was doing, she picked up a knife that lay on the table and lunged at the man. With a groan of anger and pain, he crumpled up on the floor. Raising himself on his elbow, he pointed a shaking finger at the little bride who was now sobbing in her mother's arms.

"Put her under arrest," he demanded of Rinaldi who was kneeling beside him.

"No, no! I did it," Marta cried, turning pleading eyes to her life-long friend.

"She lies," Pasquale muttered. "It was the little one."

Rinaldi approached Carlotta and took her from her mother's arms.

"I promise you she will not be harmed," he whispered as Marta continued to cling to her child—and she knew he would keep his promise. "Tell Tony to come, too."

Outside the cottage he bundled the newly married couple into the machine that had brought Antonia and her singing master, Von Kusch, down to the wedding.

"In nine hours you will be at the Swiss border," Rinaldi whispered significantly. "Don't write to your mother, Carlotta. And, Tony, don't communicate with any of your friends in the village."

There were hurried goodbys and the car started off down the road at break-neck speed. Rinaldi stood watching the disappearing lights for a moment, then, turning back to the house, joined the excited group that hovered about the wounded Pasquale, awaiting the arrival of the village doctor.

"My prisoner has escaped," he announced quietly.

"You let her go," the wounded man accused. "They'll strip off your uniform and disgrace you."

This is an adaptation of the William Fox screen presentation of the story by George Brooks and Marion Orth. Paul Sloane directed, with Louise Dresser appearing as Marta, Tom Patricola as Tony, Kenneth MacKenna as Mario, Joyce Compton as Carlotta, June Collyer as Elena, Addie McPhail as Antonia, Clifford Saum as Pasquale, Paul Porcasi as Rinaldi, John Sainpolis as the Judge and Sidney DeGrey as Mayor Tito.

"Put her under arrest."
"No, No! I did it."

With tear-dimmed eyes Marta approached Rinaldi.

"Old friend, you shouldn't have done this for me," she whispered tenderly.

"It's done, Marta," he replied quietly. "But you must not worry if you don't get any letters. I told both Tony and Carlotta they must not write. The mail might be traced."

WHEN all the wedding guests had departed, Marta stood in the doorway of her cottage, her arms about Elena, the only one of her little brood left now. Together they would keep the home going and find their happiness in each other. But, even as they planned, the cruel god of war was reaching down with an iron hand to snatch from the mother her one remaining happiness. As they continued to stand in the doorway, they became aware of footsteps hurrying down the quiet village street. Count Mario Damati, a captain in his Majesty's Royal Dragoon Guards, who had long loved the dark-eyed Elena, was hastening back to the cottage and with him were the Mayor and two fellow guardsmen.

"My regiment is mobilized," he said breathlessly when he entered the little sitting-room. "I love Elena. I want to marry her before I am sent off to war."

Marta's face whitened.

"But it will take six weeks to call the bans," she reminded.

"But, Marta, I have authority to dispense with the bans in time of emergency," the Mayor announced, "and I can marry them now."

"But the Duke, your father, will object," Marta protested.

"I've seen him and I've been disinherited," Mario announced. "I want your permission to marry Elena now."

"Mario, you're taking my last baby away from me," Marta said tearfully.

"But Elena and I love each other," the young soldier returned gently. "You're much to good to deny us our love. Tomorrow may be too late. Tomorrow—I may be gone to war."

The woman stood looking at them through mist-clouded eyes. They were both so young, so clean, so very much in love.

"After all, I've lived my life," she said finally. "You're young, with your life before you." And, taking the hand of her daughter, she placed it in that of the young soldier.

IT WAS lonely at the cottage of Marta Arbrutes when the last of her flock had left, but there was plenty to occupy the hand and heart of this noble woman. There were brides to be prepared for the great adventure, babies to be brought into the world, sorrowing hearts to be comforted, and Marta always gave unsparingly of her time—and herself.

THEN, after months of anxiety, the trumpets of war echoed through the little village and there were new duties for the hands and heart of this good Samaritan. And soon the raging monster that was tearing the world asunder crashed into her own home. One evening Mario hurried breathlessly into the little cottage and one glimpse of his face told Marta the story. Her lips whitened and a look of fear came into her eyes.

"Oh, it's nothing, Mother—not for us," her son-in-law attempted to comfort her. "Cavalry won't be used much. Anyway, I thank heaven for these last few months of happiness. I have arranged for Elena to stay here with you. She won't be lonely here until I return."

"And that will be soon?" Marta questioned.

"Just a few months," Mario assured her. "The war can't last much longer now."

"I'll be so glad to have Elena home again," Marta said brightly. "I've been so lonesome, I've missed her so—I've missed them all. Then, not hearing from Antonia or Carlotta—"

But the young soldier was holding out his hand now and in it was the Grand Cross of St. Lazarus, hereditary order of nobility.

"Keep it safe, Mother, for my son," he requested gently.

"For your son?" Marta whispered reverently. "Then there is to be—"

"Something of me still on this earth if—" Through the stillness of the night came the clear call of the trumpets. "Bless me, Mother."

In the doorway of the little cottage he knelt at her feet and her hand rested tenderly on his bowed head as her lips breathed inaudible words that came from the heart of the eternal mother.

THEN together Marta and her daughter began their days of waiting, of hoping—and fearing. At last came the prayed for letter from the soldier at the front.

"He's coming home next week!" Elena cried joyfully as she hastily scanned the pages. "Listen, Mother. 'I finally persuaded the general to promise me leave, so, after my next little jaunt, I'll be coming home to you—in ten days.' And then he calls me a lot of silly, pretty names," the girl concluded happily, "and he wants me to kiss you for him. Isn't that glorious? My darling—home in ten days! Less than that now, Mama. In a week he'll be here. Isn't that wonderful?"

Again the girl became absorbed in the letter, reading it over and over until every precious word was stamped indelibly on her mind. With a tender smile on her lips, the mother stood watching her for a moment. Then a movement outside the window of the little cottage attracted her and, peering out into the darkness, she saw Tito, who was motioning to her, his finger pressed to his lips in a gesture of warning.

"Yes, Tito, yes," Marta said when she joined him, the hands of fear clutching at her heart, almost stopping its beating.

"I thought it best that you should break the news gently to Elena," he said, his eyes fastened on a letter in his hand, for he could not bear to look at his old friend's stricken face. "From Rome—the War Office. 'Captain Count Mario Damati died in action, a hero in the service of his country. His Majesty, the King, extends his sincere condolence to the family.'"

"Mario—dead," broke from Marta's white lips in a whisper, for her first thought was of the girl inside, happily lost in the letter from her loved one.

"Mama!" Elena called.

Brushing the tear-mist from her eyes and forcing a smile to her lips, the mother returned cheerfully:

"Yes, my darling," and hurried into the house.

"Mario specially asks that you roast a goose for him," Elena greeted. "We haven't had roast goose in the house since the war began. But we will for Mario."

"We will," the mother promised, "the fattest in the flock."

"Stuffed with little onions, Mama, and a whole lot of truffles? Oh, and that special wine, Mama, the wine that Mario likes so much? In a week my Mario will be here—in a week."

"In a week, Elena, in a week," Marta repeated. And the girl was too engrossed in her own happiness to notice the quaver in her mother's voice.

Then, day after day, going bravely about her extra duties of preparing for the soldier's homecoming, Marta's heart was stabbed anew every hour as her daughter planned for the reunion. She could not tell her now, for there was another life to be considered, the life of Mario's son. Later, when Elena would feel the comforting warm bundle against her breast, perhaps the blow would not fall so cruelly.

But Elena never knew. Just as the advance guard entered the village with the warning that everyone must vacate at once as the fighting was moving up to their very doors, the girl went down into the great gray blurr of uncertainty to bring her baby into the world—and never returned.

Faced with this new sorrow, this new loss, Marta was swept with the homeless thousands in the backwash of war and, her little grandson in her arms, finally took refuge in Rome. There she sought Rinaldi who was a merchant now, he laughingly told her, turning proudly to his little news stand. Then his kind eyes scanned the little face that was pressed against Marta's bosom and he said gently:

"Yes, he is Mario's and Elena's. I've heard." Quickly, in the hope of turning the mother's

After all, Marta had lived her own life, she told them bravely. She could not deny Elena and Mario their love, even though her daughter's going would leave her so alone.

thoughts into happier channels, he inquired for the other two daughters. In all those months, she told him, she had had but one letter from Carlotta and one from Antonia. Carlotta and Tony were in America and Antonia had married Von Kusch, her singing master, and had made her debut in the opera at Vienna. "Ah, they will come back to you," Rinaldi predicted, "and you will be happy once more —just as I am happy at seeing you again."

AND now a new problem confronted Rinaldi. Marta and the baby must be cared for until she could find some means of supporting herself. From his own little business he made barely enough to keep himself. But then there was Pasquale. He had come to Rome, too, and had prospered even as he had prospered in his own little village—and by the same methods. Rinaldi called on him at his home the same evening. Perhaps, as the banker of their village, he had heard from Carlotta or Tony, perhaps they had sent money for Marta. No, Pasquale had not heard from them, he declared, and he, himself, was in no position to aid his former townswoman.

"But we must do something," Rinaldi persisted. "Marta has the baby with her, Elena's and—"

"Mario's," the other finished. "And they're both —Well, anyway, I can't be bothered worrying about the brat."

"He's not a brat; he's a count, "Rinaldi flashed angrily.

Pasquale's eyes narrowed. That was right—a count. But, even so, he could offer no help. However, the moment the door had closed behind his visitor, Pasquale made his plans. Early the next morning found him at the home of the Duke and Duchess, parents of Mario, having preceded his call by a letter hinting at the important information that was in his possession. Their only son, Count Mario, had left a child, a boy child.

"And where is he to be found?" the Duke asked.

"As I said in my letter, Your Grace," Pasquale returned ingratiatingly, "I am a poor man. Now for the sake of a small reward—"

"Will a thousand lira help your memory?" the other inquired.

"It is a promise, Your Grace?" He stopped short as he noted the flash of anger that darkened the Duke's eyes! "Pardon me. Well, now about the baby—it's living with a woman by the name of Marta—"

And so, under the guise of justice, another sorrow came to the heart of Marta Arbrutes.

(Continued on page 31)

MAMBA

By
JOSEPH JORDAN

(Helen von Linden's marriage to August Bolte, a marriage contracted to save her father who was hopelessly involved in debt, had turned out to be a living nightmare to the lovely young girl from Berlin. Bolte, whom the blacks of the East African settlement had named Mamba, a species of deadly snake, was hated by the members of the German and English posts as well as by the natives. Indeed, it was his treatment of the latter that had brought down upon him the wrath of his own people. Ruling them with his blacksnake whip, he further incurred their displeasure by seducing the daughter of the native chief, Hassim and, when she came to beg for help for herself and her baby, throwing her from the porch of his home with such violence that the death of both mother and child resulted.

Though the members of neither the English nor the German posts had associated with Bolte socially, they were intrigued by the stories of the beauty and charm of the young wife he had brought back with him on his return from a recent visit to Berlin and, when he invited them to his home to a reception in honor of his bride, they accepted. Helen was thoroughly embarrassed by his crudeness toward their guests but there was one compensating factor—the presence of Major Karl von Reiden, whom she had met on her honeymoon trip to Africa and who, she knew, reciprocated the attraction she felt for him. They danced together, walked in the moonlit garden and talked longingly of home. The evening's pleasure was brought to an abrupt termination, however, when Hassim rushed in to demand restitution for the death of his daughter. Bolte's answer was to wind the blacksnake whip about the chief's shoulders and across his back until he fled in terror. His guests, after sternly berating him for this cruelty which was fostering the hatred of the blacks for all the whites and would without doubt result in an uprising, abruptly left his home. Colonel Von Schultz persuaded Helen to accompany them for the rest of the evening, assuring her that Major von Reiden would see that she returned home safely. On the ride back, Karl declared his love for her and with fear in her heart she admitted that she reciprocated his feeling. Bolte, who had amused himself by drinking heavily after the departure of his guests, was an unseen witness to their affectionate good night and was awaiting Helen's entrance, his blood aflame with anger, fanned by the thought that, though he had bought her, she had successfully repulsed all his advances and had never been a real wife to him. He grasped his blacksnake whip and was just about to bring it down upon her when Karl, who had been fearful for her safety, rushed in. With a blow he felled Bolte, then administered a flogging from which the man did not recover for days. Confined to his bed as he was, Helen was free to spend her time at the post. Then, out of a clear sky, came the word that war had been declared between Germany and England and that the two groups who had been on such friendly terms must be arrayed against each other.)

This is an adaptation of the Tiffany screen presentation of the story by F. Schumann-Heink and John Reinhardt. Tom Miranda and Winifred Dunn wrote the scenario and dialogue and Al Rogell directed, with Jean Hersholt appearing as August Bolte, Eleanor Boardman as Helen von Linden, Ralph Forbes as Karl von Reiden, Josef Swickard as Count von Linden, Claude Fleming as Major Cromwell, William Stanton as Joe, William von Brincken as Major von Schultz, Noble Johnson as Hassim, Hazel Jones as Hassim's daughter, Arthur Stone as the British soldier and Torben Meyer as the German soldier.

THE announcement of war fell like a thunderbolt on the two posts where the forces of both had just made an unwritten compact to join against the uprising of the savages. Companions for years in the desolate land of the jungle, strong affections had been formed among both officers and men as well as among the women. It was almost as if civil war had been declared.

But war is war and duty is a stern commander. The German troops were ordered to the border, there to engage the British. Only a few were left to give battle to the natives. Von Reiden went away in command. He spent his last hours prior to his departure with Helen. They dined together with Colonel von Schultz and his wife on the night before he marched over the trails and he begged her to come to the fort for safety while the uprising lasted.

"I will," she told him, "if it becomes a necessity. But it is the better part of wisdom that I give Bolte no ground for saying that I deserted his house."

"Perhaps you are right, my dear," said Mrs. von Schultz. "But we will be in constant touch with you and, at the slightest sign of danger, we'll come for you."

"You are my sweet friend," Helen returned.

Von Reiden drove her home, and they parted like sweethearts.

"Be careful, dear," she adjured him.

"My every thought will be of you," he assured her.

Bolte greeted her within the house. The welts on his body had disappeared but there was a mark across his face that he would carry to his grave.

"You will be lonely," he sneered, "with your tin soldier gone."

"You don't think he's a tin soldier, do you?" she retorted.

He caught the sarcasm in her voice and snarled:

"I'll show him before I get through with him."

"He goes to fight for his country. Where are you?"

"We pay those fellows to fight. They have an easy time of it."

She left him and retired to her room and he helped himself to a drink. He hadn't quite decided upon his method of vengeance against Von Reiden, whether to prefer charges against him or not. He was considering, too, what effect his own treatment of Helen might have in the event of a trial. She had no witnesses and, after all, she was his wife, a nonentity. He hadn't forgiven her for Von Reiden's assault on him; she was responsible. He was biding his time for the return of a situation that the soldier had interrupted; he would get what he wanted, and she would yet cringe to him under the lash. It never occurred to him to attempt to conciliate her or to win her regard. That wasn't his way with women. A woman was a chattel, wife or no wife,

"The Colonel wants to measure you for a uniform. You know this is war time and you're on our conscription list."

and force was the only argument that counted, complete subjugation. But he was glad that Von Reiden was gone. It would make things easier in the furtherance of his plans.

And for the first time Mamba was giving serious consideration to the uprising of the blacks. He had finally realized that he was the cause of it and that reprisal was being sought for the death of Hassim's daughter and his treatment of the natives. Like all bullies, he was a coward at heart and he wanted to get away from his present danger. Above all things, he desired to take Helen with him. Ten miles back from New Posen was a farm on which he held a heavy mortgage. It was practically his. He planned to go there with Helen and to remain there until the trouble "blew over".

There, too, his wife would be more completely at his mercy than at the post. There would be nobody to interfere with his whims. She would obey his slightest command; oh, yes, she would be a good wife, not a play wife. He chuckled at his cleverness in scheming, at his finesse. He took another drink and went to bed, stopping before Helen's door for a moment to shake his head and to grin over the thought of what a good wife he was going to make of her.

"Helen," he said to her next day, and she was surprised at the change in his tone, "you don't love me as a wife should love her husband. Well, all right. Maybe I'm not a woman's man. But just the same you are my wife, and I'm not saying that I didn't buy you. But you belong to me and nobody else can do what I have the right to do. There is danger here, for the blacks are rising. There is a farm ten miles away from here where you and I will be safe."

Helen didn't believe her husband capable of artifice and had no suspicion of an ulterior motive but thought that the fort would be the safest place in time of trouble and told him so. He was prepared for this argument and responded to her suggestion with a coarse laugh.

"That's the first place that will be attacked," he said. "No, the safest place is where those savage dogs can't find you. We'll ride down there tomorrow afternoon and look it over."

She consented to do this. After all, life was sweet, and, while she did not believe that his move was prompted by any regard for her but rather for his own selfish person, there was wisdom in what he proposed. But she resolved to talk it over with her friends at the post.

"Nonsense!" Mrs. Von Schultz exclaimed. "He has some selfish purpose in this. He wants to get you away from your friends, to do with you what his beastly mind desires."

A new light dawned on Helen. She had not believed that Bolte was quick-witted enough to conceive such treachery, although capable of putting it into execution. She knew that he was not consulting her comfort or safety for any love of her. What then? He was thinking of his own selfish and fiendish desires. Yet, it did not occur to her next day to refuse to ride down to the farm and "look it over". When the carriage was brought to the door, she entered it and he followed her, his face distorted with a diabolical grin. She saw the look and started to jump out, but he detained her

and at the same moment the driver took his place.

"We are going to have a nice ride," he assured her. "You will never see your tin soldier again."

"What do you mean?" she demanded.

"Oh, I just had to tell you," he sneered. "You think you are so damned smart. You think you fooled me when you went away with Von Reiden. You think I don't know what men and women are. You were just holding hands—maybe. I'm taking you where you won't hold any more hands, where there'll be only one man for you to make love to, your lawful husband, and where there won't be any more locks on your door."

"You fiend!" she cried. "Driver, don't start those horses."

"Haw, haw, haw!" he laughed. "He doesn't know what you're talking about."

"I'll jump out!" she cried.

"All right, jump," he replied composedly. "You'll hurt yourself and delay us to pick you up. But jump if you want to. It will make you easier to hold when you get back."

She knew that to jump would be little less than suicidal with the horses ready to start away on a gallop, but it was the only chance of escape that occurred to her troubled mind. She started to make the leap but Bolte grabbed her skirt and jerked her back to the seat.

"Never mind that," he commanded, "and don't try it again!"

She continued to struggle and he grasped her about the waist and pulled her over to his knees, then pressed her to him until his face was close to hers and she could see the lust in his eyes.

"It's a pretty tiger kitten," he said, trying to kiss her.

She slapped his face and saw the hatred that came into it. He slammed her back against the cushion as if she had been a feather and turned loose a volley of oaths at her.

"Damn you!" he wound up. "Any more of that and I'll put my fist into your jaw and spoil your pretty face. You know me, you jezebel. You stay still!"

She sank back against the cushion and remained motionless, hoping against hope that something would happen and knowing that nothing could happen. She was his prisoner and was bound for his prison.

Then something did happen. The sound of horses' hoofs rang out on the clear air, and Helen sat forward in the carriage and, looking back, saw a German soldier approaching, his animal galloping at top speed and flecked with foam. She sensed her deliverance, but Bolte was apparently undisturbed. The trooper stopped when he reached the carriage and leaped from his horse. He gave a quick glance at Helen.

"Your name Bolte?" he inquired of Mamba.

"Yes, what of it?"

"I'll have to ask you to turn your carriage around and go to the fort."

Helen's heart gave a great leap and her face was radiant.

"What do you mean?" Bolte demanded.

"Just what I said. Colonel von Schultz wants to measure you for a uniform. You know this is war time and you're on our conscription list."

Helen could have shouted from sheer joy.

"You tell the Colonel that I'm busy now and that I'll call on him in the morning."

"You tell him," suggested the soldier.

"How can I tell him when he isn't here? Don't be a fool."

"Don't you be a fool. Do as I tell you. Hey, hitch up." He motioned to the native boy.

The boy understood the pantomime and started to work, but Bolte stopped him.

"Don't you give orders to my servant. I'm giving orders here."

"Not you; you're taking orders and don't you interfere with mine."

"You're an impudent lout. I'll report you to the Colonel."

"I hope so. He'll give me a medal."

"Bah!"

"Don't you bah me!"

Helen was enjoying the scene thoroughly. Now, all danger passed, she sensed that behind the rescue was her friend, the Colonel's wife, and she became mirthful and a bit vengeful.

"Be careful, Bolte," she said, mischievously. "This is war time and he might shoot you."

The soldier turned to her, touched his cap and clicked his heels and, as he detected the mirth in her eyes, grinned:

"You said something, lady."

"Aw, shut up," Mamba blurted.

"Now that'll be the last from you. You keep your mouth closed and don't say anything unless you're spoken to. Get into the carriage!"

"Come in here," Helen ordered. "You'll make a nice soldier, won't you?"

Half an hour later they drove up to the barracks of Colonel von Schultz, and Helen sprang to the porch and into the arms of Mrs. von Schultz.

"How do you do?" Bolte greeted.

Mrs. von Schultz turned her back on him and walked indoors with Helen as the Colonel appeared.

"Ah, Colonel," Bolte purred.

"Hello, Bolte." Then he called a soldier. "Take this man to headquarters and find a uniform for him, then have him assigned to duty."

And the Colonel left to join the ladies indoors.

THAT night came the first signs of the native uprising. The outpost of the guard came in with word that the blacks were advancing on the settlement in swarms. Colonel von Schultz had received warning the day before that his troops at the border had been in a skirmish with them and that the savages had been caught between the fire of the Germans and the British when the latter attacked the former.

(Continued on page 24)

Lives of the Great

By HOWARD CURTIS

Ruth Chatterton's portrayal of the star role in "Madame X" made her one of the most widely discussed figures in the reorganized cinema industry.

RUTH CHATTERTON is credited with being the first prominent stage player to form a definite affiliation with talking pictures. With very little hesitation and with an amount of optimism which her friends at the time believed was unjustified, Miss Chatterton relinquished her stage plans to devote her entire energies to dialogue film work. "The Doctor's Secret," "The Dummy," and "Madame X" were produced in rapid succession and served to make Miss Chatterton one of the most widely discussed figures in the reorganized cinema industry. For several years she had been a star in her own right on the stage; now she immediately assumed a position as a leading stage-and-screen actress.

Whether it was in part due to Miss Chatterton's example or not, a significantly large number of stage celebrities have "gone over" to the talking films within the past six months. Chief among them are Ina Claire, Basil Rathbone, the Nugents, pere and fils, Peggy Wood, Willard Mack, Claudette Colbert, Eddie Dowling and Charles King.

Miss Chatterton is a native New Yorker. She attended Mrs. Hazen's private school in Pelham Manor until her juvenile theatrical aspirations, undimmed by parental opposition, resulted in a chance to a play a small stage part at the age of fourteen. During Christmas holidays spent in Washington she sought and found a job with a local stock company.

The schoolgirl made good, and it was not long before she obtained a place in stock with Lowell Sherman. Then she appeared in the same company with Pauline Lord and Lenore Ulric. Her parents, seeing that she was not to be deterred, reconciled themselves to their daughter's theatrical career, particularly when it became evident that her natural talent would carry her a long way.

After her part in "Daddy Long Legs," opposite the late Henry Miller, Miss Chatterton was advanced to stardom. She played in "Moonlight and Honeysuckle," and was then co-starred with Mr. Miller in "A Mariage of Convenience," "Changelings" and Sir James Barrie's "Mary Rose" were subsequent successes.

Miss Chatterton, who speaks and writes French fluently, achieved one of her most memorable characterizations in her own translation of the French play, "La Tendresse." After this production and a revival of "The Little Minister," she ventured into musical comedy and played for a season in "The Magnolia Lady."

Returning to the stage as her own producer, the actress played in "The Man with a Load of Mischief," "The Green Hat," and "The Devil's Plum Tree." It was while she was appearing in the last-named production in a Los Angeles theatre that Emil Jannings saw her and asked picture executives that she be given a test for a role in his new film, "Sins of the Fathers." Results of this test were so encouraging that Miss Chatterton was offered an attractive contract.

Making her speaking screen debut in "The Doctor's Secret," Miss Chatterton found herself commanding the most enthusiastic attention of the reviewers. She played in the all-talking "The Dummy" and then went to the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studio for "Madame X," a role which she admitted had been one of her major ambitions ever since her Westchester County school days. Her most recent outstanding success is "Sarah and Son".

Consult Mystic Myra

She Sees All, Hears All, Knows All

And, if she doesn't, she'll find out

Dear Myra:

I have admired that sterling actor, Holmes Herbert, ever since I saw him play the blind man in a picture with May MacAvoy and Richard Barthelmess. I may be wrong but I think there is "a wee bit of Irish in him". Am I right?

Mary O'N.

Holmes Herbert was born in Ireland, the son of a British actor. He played for a time in England before coming to America as leading man for such stars as Billie Burke, Blanche Bates, Mrs. Patrick Campbell and Grace George. He made his picture debut in 1918 in "A Doll's House".

* * *

Dear Myra:

How come? In a recent issue of M. P. S. I saw a picture of Marion Davies in "The Gay Nineties". Last week I saw my favorite at the Capitol in "The Florodora Girl" with Lawrence Gray playing opposite. Are they doing another picture of the same period?

Helen K.

No, Helen. "The Florodora Girl" was first titled "The Gay Nineties". This little old magazine was whizzing off the press before ye editor was aware of the change. Such things will happen even in the best regulated families.

* * *

Merton Lady:

You know I have a terrible time trying to keep my Mr. and Mrs. straight in this picture business. I always thought Pauline Garon was the wife of Lowell Sherman and only today I saw Mrs. Sherman referred to as the sister of Dolores Costello. I didn't know that Pauline and Dolores were sisters.

M. T. L.

Neither, I wager, did they. Pauline Garon was the former Mrs. Sherman. After these bounds were severed, Lowell went trotting down the aisle with Helen

(Continued on page 24)

Bebe Daniels has been cast for the leading feminine role in Irving Berlin's new production, "Reaching for the Moon". The dark-haired Daniels lady deserves all the plums that come her way. Of course, you know there's a new name now in the House of Daniels and it's Mrs. Ben Lyon.

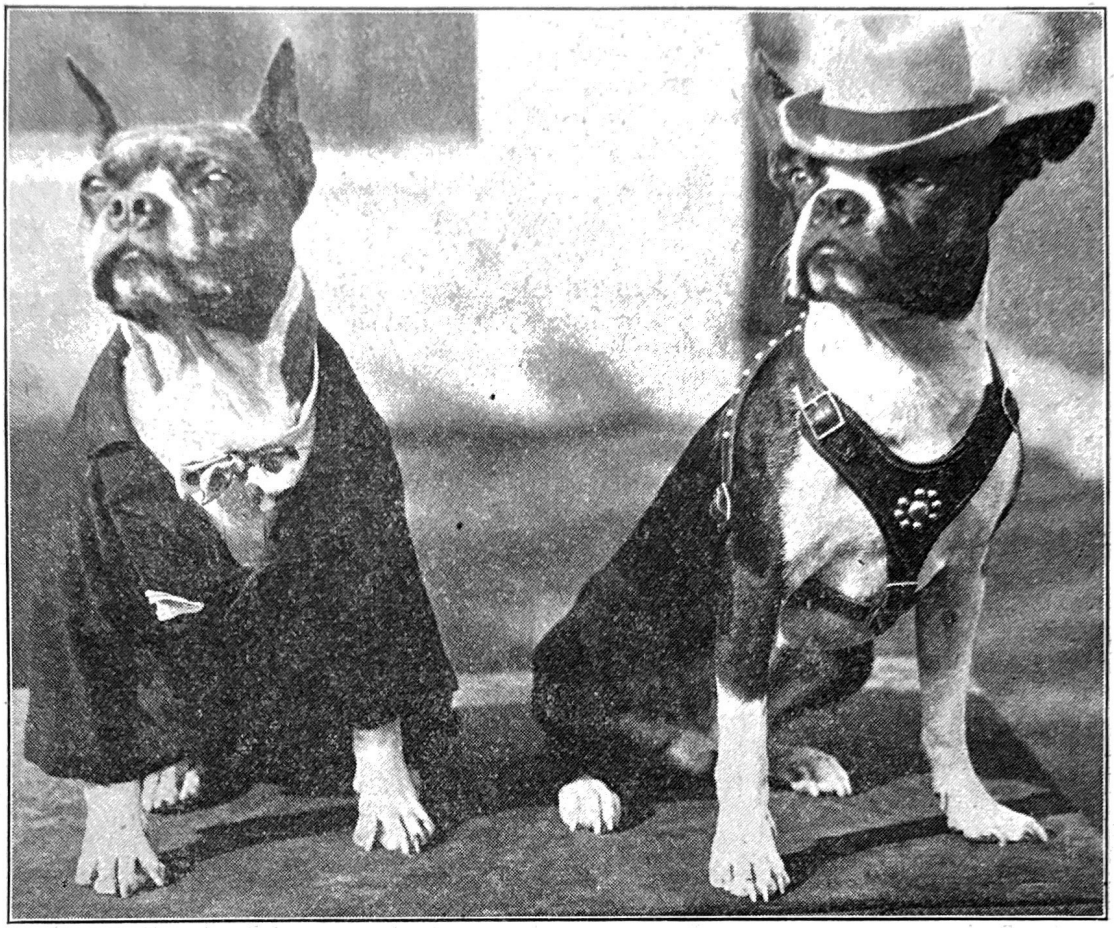
HELPING HEARTS CLUB

Conducted by ROSEMARY LEE

Pals O' Mine:

Keep your eyes wide open for the next number. It's going to be a surprise to you and the rest of the world, to say nothing of the sun and the moon and the other planets. Nancy Carroll and her two little peks will adorn the cover, probably in a rich blue—we haven't quite decided on the color as it is still a matter of serious discussion among the members of the staff. But we do know one thing: We are going to have more room for our club letters. If they don't get into the magazine soon, your Rosemary will have to rent an extra kennel to house them, for, even if your special plea for pen pals has not yet been published, you may rest assured that it has not been consigned to the waste basket but is reposing in a file with hundreds of others, weeping and wailing to see the light of day. Now watch for this number, pals, and, if your newsdealer is not supplied with it, drop a line to me and I will fix it up. Playing little Miss Fixit is one of the favorite indoor sports of your

Rosemary Lee.



What the well dressed pup will wear! Jiggs, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's bow-wow comedian, demonstrated a couple of dogdom modes between scenes in "Who Killed Rover?" His son, on the right, helped him.

* * *

Dear Rosemary Lee:

May I be allowed to join your club? I would love to make friends with boys and girls from all over the world, if I may. I am seventeen years old, ash-blonde, blue eyes. I work in an insurance broker's office and I have oodles of spare time on my hands, as I haven't much work to do. Won't some boys and girls please write to me? I promise to answer all letters received and I will exchange views and snapshots with all who write. I like all sports, but especially motor-boat riding and fishing. I love to dance, too, but most of all I love reading and letter-writing. I would prefer to have pals of seventeen to twenty-one, but I will answer all who write. My friends say that this club business is all the bunk and that I will not get one answer to this, but I made a bet that I'd get an answer from some one. Now don't let me lose it, everybody, will you? Come now, everyone, help me prove I'm right and write to

Pine Tree State Rose.

Even friends with the best intentions are not always right, eh, pals?

* * *

Dear Rosemary Lee:

Have you room for two lonely Texas ranchmen in your club? We would appreciate it very much if you would let us join.

One of us, Paul, has light hair and blue eyes, while I, better known as "Slim", have black hair and brown eyes. I hope too many of the girls don't prefer blondes.

Life on a ranch is very lonesome at times and many days pass when we do not see anyone.

Hoping to hear from some one soon, we are,

Slim and Paul.

Slim and Paul live out in Texas, pals, and I know you'll be interested to learn whether ranchmen in real life are like the ones we see on the screen.

Dear Rosemary Lee:

I spied an edition of M. P. S. at a news stand, picked it up, gave it a once over—and bought. Now this is no story of how to put your stuff before the public but what got me was this H. H. C. Perhaps, if I tell my reason for writing to this column, the results will both help and please me. Here goes!

I am twenty-two year's of age, five feet eight inches tall, weigh 144 pounds, have light hair and blue eyes. Now my only fault is writing songs. Outside of that, I'm another ordinary human being.

I've just finished a beautiful number I call "Sweetheart", a sentimental song, fox-trot time, and it sure is very pretty. I am having orchestras play it and it is getting wonderful reception whereever it is played. It would be a knock-out if used as a theme song for some picture with a love story to it.

I expect to put it before the publishers for their consideration in about another month. Wish me luck, please.

Now, then, should I say I am lonely? No, for I'm not. When I have my music I'm happy. But I would love to get in touch with several orchestra fellows and, in fact, anyone connected or interested in music. I hope my plea for boys and girls of the above type will not be in vain.

T. of Penn.

We all wish you luck, T. of Penn., and shall be keeping our ears atuned for the new number. Chicago Jockey has his own orchestra. Why not write to him in case he misses this letter?

* * *

Dear Rosemary Lee:

I have just finished reading the letters of your Helping Hearts Club. The letter of Lonely Bill of South Carolina interested me greatly. I have written a letter to him, so will you be so kind as to forward it to him? I know how lonely I get and I hope it will cheer him as much as it will cheer me to get a letter from him. I wouldn't mind hearing from other boys and girls between the ages of twenty and 25. I have dark brown hair, gray eyes, and am five feet four inches in height. I am twenty years old.

Rete of Pa.

I suppose you and Lonely Bill are great pals by this time, Rete. You are one of my blessed army of patient souls who have waited ages and ages to see their letters in print. Others take heart. Your turn will come, too.

* * *

Dear Miss Rosemary Lee:

While listening to that beautiful waltz "Three O'Clock In the Morning," I was inspired to write to you. I have a lot of friends but I just love to write. Won't you please get me a few pen pals? I have golden hair and blue eyes. I am considered the wisecracker of our family. I am fond of every kind of outdoor sport. I wrote to you before but got the wrong address. Well, here's hoping you get me a few boys and girls to write to!

Goldie of Passaic.

Well, Goldie, we'll forgive you as long as you were inspired by and not at "Three O'Clock in the Morning".

* * *

Dear Rosemary Lee:

Enclosed please find a letter which I will be glad to have you send out.

I have made many friends through your club and every one has been proved to be a real pal.

It must be a hard thing for you to get lonesome with so much mail to be read every day.

Every success in the world to you and your club! Thank you very much.

Lillian of St. Louis.

I am glad to hear, Lillian, that you have derived real benefit from our club.

* * *

Dear Rosemary Lee:

May I, too, become a member of your Helping Hearts Club?

I am lonesome for true pen pals as I live in a small town, so won't everybody write and help me lose the blues?

I am twenty-one years old, have brown hair and gray eyes and am five feet two inches tall.

Wishing success and happiness to the pen pals and you, Rosemary Lee,

Babe of Minnesota.

But, even at that, Babe, I am sure a small town must have its compensations.

* * *

Dear Miss Lee:

I am a young man, twenty-three, of Jewish faith, five feet nine inches tall, and weigh 145 pounds. I am interested in literature and the finer things of life. I also like outdoor sports and am musically inclined.

I would like to hear from a girl who would be a real pal. Religion does not matter, but rather character and education. I will answer all letters and exchange photographs if desired.

Trusting you will publish this letter, I remain.

Fred of Brooklyn.

All the pals are interested in the finer things of life, Fred, so I know you're going to receive plenty of letters.

* * *

Dear Miss Lee:

Can you find room for a lonely boy who is hunting for some pen pals? I am on the road all the time in railroad work and don't stay long in a place before I have to move.

I am not so easy on the eyes as I have red hair, blue eyes, am six feet one inch tall and weigh 160 pounds. What hurts worst is the twenty-eight summers I've seen.

I will close, wishing you the best of luck.

Texas Tramp.

I don't see why red hair should make you hard on the eyes, Texas Tramp. And, as for the twenty-eight summers, my, my, what a decrepit old man they must make you! What will happen when you've added twenty-eight more—and winters, too?

Dear Rosemary Lee:

In going over some old magazines the other day, I found some copies of Moving Picture Stories which I had read but I had never noticed your department in it. I was very much interested and both my sister and I wish to join.

My sister Helen is fifteen years old, has dark hair and eyes. She is about five feet four inches and is interested in all sports.

I am seventeen. My name is Madeline and I am about five feet tall, have chestnut-color hair and gray eyes. I am interested in sports, but don't care for dancing. I read on an average of four books a week and like the movies.

I would like to hear from Speedy from Penna., Edwin F. of Newark, Mary of Denver and everyone else who cares to write. I will answer all letters received.

Madeline and Helen of Massachusetts.

How nice it is for you both that you are so near the same age! You have a pal right at hand to share your interests, your joys and sorrows. And you'll soon have other pals, too, or I miss my guess.

* * *

Dear Rosemary Lee:

I wonder if you could find room for one more lonely heart in your wonderful Club. I am a young man, eighteen years of age, five feet, eight inches tall, fair complexion, blue eyes, and black hair. My desire has always been to have lots and lots of friends. Will you help me to make as many friends as possible, both boys and girls? My one hope is some day I'll be a big-league ball player like Ruth or Hornsby. I like all kinds of sports and take much interest in drawing. Hoping you can help me, dear pal, I am

Charles of St. Louis.

I take it you are a great base-ball fan. Well, it's a fine, clean sport and I hope you will attain your ambition to get to the top as a professional player.

* * *

Dear Rosemary Lee:

I have just invested ten cents in my first copy of M. P. S. and am I glad? I should hope to tell you!

I am fifteen years old, blonde and about five feet six inches tall. Going to the movies is my favorite pastime and reading comes next. I almost forgot to say so but I love to go to football games.

Having pen pals must be lots of fun, so I hope to receive letters from other members of the club.

Dottie of Rhode Island.

I know you've waited patiently for an answer to your letter, Dottie, but many others have, too, and are still waiting—if that's any comfort to you.

* * *

My dear Miss Lee:

A friend of mine joined your club and received such wonderful response that I thought I'd try my luck, too.

I would love to have a lot of pen pals of both sexes.

I am not exactly lonesome, for I have plenty of pals and write to several girl friends.

I am sixteen, with dark brown hair and very dark eyes. I am five foot three in height. I like all kinds of sports, especially tennis and swimming. I like to dance and sing also.

I would like to hear most from C of C and Bill from Brooklyn.

Come on, pen pals, hurry! Write to

Black-Eyed Susane of Denver.

P. S. I understand you would rather have your letters typewritten. Am I right?

Not only do I like typewritten letters, thank you, Black-Eyed Susane, but so does the printer. He thanks you also.

* * *

Dear Rosemary Lee:

I am just another girl waiting to join your club. I have been reading letters from your pen pals, and I would love to be one. I do wish some of the girls and boys would write to me.

I am not quite sweet sixteen. I am a blonde with blue eyes, about five feet two inches. According to the girls and boys, I am considered good looking. I weigh 110 pounds.

I read the Lonesome Indiana Boy's letter and I would love to hear from him. I would like a letter from anybody who will write. I promise to answer all letters prompty.

Topsy of Chicago.

Okay, Topsy!

* * *

Dear Rosemary Lee:

I have been reading your Helping Hearts column for over a year but never got the courage to write to you. I would be delighted to have some of the members of your club, both boys and girls, write to me as every letter I've read so far seems to have come from some one who would be very nice for a pen pal. I promise anyone who writes to me will get plenty of mail from me. I am nearly eighteen years old, have blonde hair (natural), blue eyes and am about five feet two inches tall. My greatest hobby is swimming. I'm willing to exchange pictures. I'm really very lonesome. I have no friends at all, only my sister. Please, Rosemary, give my address out to as many as possible and send me some, too. Please help me out. I would like to hear from Jerry in the April 15th issue. I'll be waiting for the mail man every day, so please don't have me disappointed.

Betty of New York City.

It's against the rules of the Club to give out addresses but I shall be glad to forward letters for you and to you.

Mystic Myra

(Continued from page 20)

Costello, the dark-haired sister of Dolores. There is quite an interesting little story connected with the romance—in fact, with the two romances. When the Sherman man first arrived in California from England, he was playing in a picture on the Warner Brothers' lot. There were three lovely girls in the picture with him, Pauline, Helene and Dolores. Later, he and Pauline were saying "I do". Next he decided that some gentlemen prefer brunettes—hence the present Mrs. Sherman. The other member of the trio, as you know, is now the wife of John Barrymore and mother of Dolores Ethel Barrymore, so I guess there isn't much chance that Lowell will reverse his preference again.

Mamba

(Continued from page 18)

Von Schultz realized that the safety of the white population lay in their taking refuge in the fort and had made arrangements for their quarters. On the following morning, his troops were deployed in front of the settlement to cover the retreat of the whites into the fort. Most of them were under cover when the attack came. The soldiers, outnumbered by thousands, gave ground as ordered but spread havoc among the blacks as they retreated, until the retreat became a double one. So fiercely had the soldiers battled that the carnage among the natives caused them to fall back. All hands, including the soldiers, were able to get inside the fort.

Then Helen had her first experience as a war nurse and received a compliment from Dr. Webber for the excellence of her service. Late in the afternoon the blacks renewed their advance but stayed away from the fort. Steadily, and in droves, they marched by, and the air was filled with their cries.

Later it was learned that the hordes had marched to the Bolte home, only to find it deserted except for the black servants. Helen had removed all her belongings in the morning, luckily, for the blacks went through the house like a Texas tornado. They feasted on the wines and liquors and stripped the furnishings, hangings and furniture. Drunk with the contents of the Bolte cellar, they started a siege against the fort.

The siege lasted through the night, and there was no sleep for those within the fort. Helen proved herself worthy of the title that Von Reiden had bestowed on her—a soldier's bride. She was nurse to the soldiers who had been wounded and nurse to the children who had been brought into the fort. She was companion to the Colonel's wife and comforter to the women of the settlement. She seemed to be everywhere and everything.

Orders were issued to be careful of the ammunition and not to fire unless the gunners had real targets; there must be no indiscriminate shooting. Once through the night the natives tried to rush the fort and were mowed down by machine guns. They tried no more sallies that night, and comparative quiet ensued within and without.

Next morning they heliographed to the troops on the border to send assistance, that they were being hard pressed and p i t i f u l l y outnumbered. Word came back that the border troops were being engaged by the British and there were no men to spare. Colonel von Schultz looked grave. He could not withstand the siege for more than two days at most. The ammunition was getting low.

Then a strange thing happened. Mamba was missing and the Colonel ordered a search for him. He knew that he could not have passed out of the fort. He was right, for when inquiry was made it was found that he had never been in the fort. He had never put on the uniform the Colonel had ordered. He had never intended to. He had deserted at the first opportunity, forfeiting his life, although he did not realize it, such was his contempt for the soldiers.

He did not attempt to return to his home, knowing that he would be sought there as soon as his flight was discovered and that the natives would also look for him there. He made for the jungle, which he knew as well as the natives, and wormed his way through, past the border and into the camp of the British. He demanded to be taken to Colonel Cromwell, and, when he reached the commander's presence, had the impudence to extend his hand.

"Well?" queried the Colonel, ignoring the hand.

"Colonel, I've come to give you news of the enemy. The whole settlement is in the fort, besieged by the natives, and now is your time to strike."

"That's very good of you. How did you get here?"

"Through the jungle. I know every foot of it."

"Then you know how to get back, you traitorous coward. Go back and tell them that I am coming." And the Colonel turned on his heel and left him to the men.

In vain Mamba begged for supper. He was given some hard tack and a can of water and escorted to the edge of the jungle. He was on the way back to New Posen the same night. He didn't dare attempt the through trip in the night, knowing the dangers. He crept out of the jungle and his bed for the night was the hard surface of the veldt. He had barely reached the outside when he saw a line of natives making their way through the swamps and overhanging bows. They were on their way to attack the British. He was glad.

He was back in the jungle at dawn, fearing discovery by soldiers or savages if he remained outside. He was in mortal fear of both but more afraid of them than of the wild inhabitants of the jungle. He was hungry and nearly exhausted. He had eaten his hard tack and carried his water in an African bag. He had to proceed cautiously, for, while he did not look for human beings, black or white, some of the prowlers of the jungle might be out for an early hunt for breakfast, might drop from a tree, come out of a hole, or break through a screen of foliage. It wasn't a cheering outlook.

He figured that he could reach his home without discovery and there have his breakfast. What he wanted most was a drink of whiskey or brandy. He didn't know that the blacks had looted his home and taken everything. He plodded along painfully through marsh land, past hissing snakes and gibbering monkeys. Strangely enough, he never gave a thought to Helen.

Soon new sounds awakened in the jungle, sounds that fell faintly on his ear, unfamiliar but ominous. He stopped to listen and then he knew. It was the patter of bare feet—more savages. He turned white and shook with fright, his guilty conscience mocking him. Nearer and nearer drew the stealthy tread. He looked for a place to hide and found a screen of foliage which he pushed aside to find himself looking into the eyes of a panther. He jumped back and around the bend a black man came into view. It was Hassim, father of the girl he had so cruelly wronged and for whose death he was responsible. The chief saw him and gave a loud cry which was repeated and repeated until the jungle rang with it:

"Mamba! Mamba! Mamba!"

And then the panther leaped through the air.

(To be concluded in Moving Picture Stories on sale July 8th.)

The Love Racket

(Continued from page 9)

"If I tell her name—it will ruin the happiness of some one I love," she said.

"But it may save the life of Mildred Pierce," Fred reminded her.

She stood a moment, battling with her soul, weighing in the balance her own future with that of this girl who was a stranger to her. Then the words came, echoing in her ears in a voice she had never heard before:

"I was the woman at Arrowhead."

She sank down in her chair and buried her head in her outstretched arms, while dry, rasping sobs shook her body.

"I'll change my vote," said the man opposite who had been the most impatient of the eleven, "and I honor the woman who has made me do it."

The next ballot showed the unanimous vote of twelve for acquittal.

With compassionate glances at the bowed golden head, the men filed slowly out to the jury box and without a word Fred Masters followed them. Betty staggered to her feet, pulled her hat down over the soft bob and, summoning all her will, went after them and took her place in their midst. How she longed for a comforting word from the man who sat beside her! Did he hate her so now that he could not even look at her! Surely he must realize that ever since their first meeting she had been wholly his, not only in deed but in thought. Timidly she raised her eyes to his face but he was staring straight ahead, seemingly unconscious that she was by his side. As in a dream she heard the foreman declare that they had reached a verdict and found the prisoner "not guilty". She was aware of the sobbing of the golden-haired girl, the exclamations of thankfulness of the white-faced mother, then of the jury filing slowly out, of Fred remaining beside her, motionless. She glanced at him, but still he was staring straight ahead into the emptying court room. She could not bear the tense silence between them, so she rose and slowly followed the others. In the jury room the men lingered, wanting to say something but groping in vain for the proper words to express their admiration. With an embarrassed cough, the foreman started for the door. On the threshold Grace Pierce stopped him.

"I want to thank you for what you have done for me." Her voice was still husky from the tears she had shed during those dark, terrifying weeks.

"Don't thank me," he returned, "but go in there and get down on your knees to Miss Betty Brown."

By the time the girl and her mother had reached Betty's side, Mrs. Slade had joined the group in the jury room.

"It's all over now. I try to forget," Betty advised as the girl clasped her hand in gratitude, her voice too choked to utter the thanks that filled her heart.

"I knew you'd stand by us women, Mrs. Wayne," Mrs. Slade put in. "I never liked that Mr. Wayne anyhow."

"Then you recognized me?" Betty questioned wonderingly.

"Of course," the other smiled, "the moment I saw you. But I'd never tell."

Grace Pierce's eyes widened. What a strange pattern Fate had woven, bringing so vitally into her life this other woman who had suffered as she had suffered at the hands of the same man! Further words seemed impossible. There was another warm clasp of hands and the actors in this little drama slowly made their exit.

The jury room was deserted now. Betty realized that she could not stay there forever. She must go back home to loneliness and heartache, to a future without hope. She passed slowly through the empty court room. Fred was still sitting there, his head bowed on his clasped hands. She gave him a last, lingering look, then continued on her way. As she started down the aisle, a soft "Betty" made her pause. She dared not look back. Perhaps it was only her imagination, the wish of her heart deluding her into thinking Fred had called her name. But there was the sound of footsteps behind her, a pair of arms went gently about her and the voice she loved more than anything else in the world was saying:

"Betty, I've never seen such courage. You were magnificent."

She raised her face to his. But how could he deem himself worthy to touch her lips? He bowed his head and pressed a kiss on the hands that were clasped in his, a kiss of reverence, of gratitude that this wonderful woman had given him her love.

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LESSON ONE HUNDRED AND NINE

Reporter or Dramatist? Which Are You?

THIS is a question I have stressed many times and, in view of the many scripts I receive in which the authors bank, in accompanying notes, on the truth of their stories, I want to say a little more from the standpoint of dramatic value. If you are a reporter, by all means stick to your facts. Your public will read, wonder, show astonishment and, if you are writing for a reputable journal, accept. The reputation of the newspaper, the printing of names and locations and dates, all tend to convince that this seeming impossibility really has happened.

But, if you use this same story, true though it be, as the basis of a screen play, you are likely to have your audience scoff at it as being impossible or, at least, improbable. You cannot use your screen footage to convince them that it actually has happened and just how and when and where. If it seems to be improbable, no matter how true it really is, they'll have none of it. So, you see, aiming to be a dramatist and not a reporter, you'll have to change your values and use only that story the truth of which seems, on the face of it, to be plausible as well.

Mr. William Archer, the British writer on the drama, says on this subject, in much better terms than I have written, of course, but with the same idea:

"Plausibility is of more importance on the stage than what may be called demonstrable probability. There is no time, in the rush of dramatic action, for a mathematical calculation of the chances for and against a given event or experimental proof that such a thing can or cannot be done. If a thing seems plausible, an audience will accept it without cavil; if it seems incredible on the face of it, no evidence of its credibility will be of much avail."

He goes on to say that the stage—and this applies equally to the screen—is the realm of appearances, not of realities. He continues:

"That is why an improbable or otherwise unacceptable incident cannot be defended on the plea that it actually happened, that it is on record in history or in the newspapers. In the first place, the dramatist can never put it on the stage as it happened. The bare fact may be historical, but it is not the bare fact that matters."

And later, still on this same subject, Mr. Archer writes:

"Plausibility, then, not abstract or concrete probability, and still less literal faithfulness to recorded fact, is what the dramatist is bound to aim at. To understand this as belittling his art is to misunderstand the nature of art in general. The plausibility of bad art is doubtless contemptible and may be harmful. But to say that great art must be plausible is only to say that not every sort of truth nor every aspect of truth is equally suitable for artistic representation—or, in more general terms, that the artist, without prejudice to his allegiance to nature, must respect the conditions of the medium in which he works."

And, as many of you seem to overwork the long arm of coincidence in your plays, sometimes to the verge of what seems to be impossibility and almost always to the verge of implausibility, we'll see what this noted author says about the difference between "chance" and "coincidence". It ought to help some, for it is very clearly stated. Mr. Archer again:

"Plausibility of development as distinct from plausibility of theme or of character depends very largely on the judicious handling of chance and the exclusion, or very sparing employment, of coincidence. It is not always clearly recognized that chance and coincidence are not at all the same thing. Coincidence is a special and complex form of chance, which ought by no means to be confounded with the everyday variety. We need not here analyze chance or discuss the philosophic value of the term. It is enough that we all know what we mean by it in common parlance . . . Chance is a falling-out, like that of a die from the dice-box; and coincidence signifies one falling-out on the top of another, the concurrent happening of two or more chances which resemble or somehow fit into each other. If you rattle six dice in a box and throw them and they turn up in haphazard fashion—say two aces, a deuce, two fours and a six—there is nothing remarkable in this falling-out. But, if they all turn up sixes, you at once suspect that the dice are cogged, and if that be not so—if there be no sufficient cause behind the phenomenon—you say that this identical falling-out of six separate possibilities was a remarkable coincidence. Now, applying this illustration to drama, I should say that the playwright is perfectly justified in letting chance play its probable and even inevitable part in the affairs of his characters but that, the moment we suspect him of cogging the dice, we feel that he is taking an unfair advantage of us and our imagination either cries, 'I won't play!' or continues the game under protest."

So it looks as though you'd better stick to chance and go slow on coincidence, brother and sister.

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Wedding Rings

(Continued from page 6)

marrying him. I'm warning you. You haven't real love and, in the long run, love will win. He is the only man I have ever loved and I will keep on fighting for him."

A YEAR passed. Cornelia spent most of it in Europe, returning just in time for her sister's first wedding anniversary. She took with her to the reception, held at the Dyke home, Wilfred Meadows whom she had met on the boat. She knew the ordeal would be a difficult one and she did not feel equal to facing it alone. She found a gay party assembled at her sister's home, a noted jazz band in full sway. And the home, itself—she scarcely recognized it. As her brother-in-law explained later in the evening, Eve had decided the place needed pepping up and so she had pepped it. She asked him if he liked the new people that were now constant visitors at his home. They were a bit noisy, he confessed, but then Eve seemed to enjoy their company.

"And what are you going to do, now that you have come back to New York?" he inquired with interest.

"Find a studio somewhere downtown in a lovely old house and make it thoroughly colonial," she told him.

"Then I'm going to make you give me a cup of tea every afternoon," he smiled.

In Dyke's library they continued to reminisce about old times, about the art treasures she had picked up on her trip abroad. Indeed, the library was the only place that had retained the quiet dignity of the owner, the only room that had been saved from Eve's pepping up process. And they had ample leisure for a tete-a-tete, for in young Meadows Eve found the opportunity for another conquest. She was glad that her sister held the attention of her husband and thus left her free to devote herself to the new acquaintance.

"DID you have a good time, Lewis?" Eve asked when Dyke entered her boudoir as she was preparing to retire.

"Of course, my dear," he told her tenderly, "only it was rather noisy, wasn't it?"

The wife's reply was a shrug of the lovely white shoulders that her low-cut negligee left bare as she turned to her dressing-table and ran the brush over her gleaming hair. She was more alluring than ever with the air of langor induced by her hours of dancing and her beauty and the thought that this was their first wedding anniversary stirred the man's pulses. His arms went about her and he drew her close.

"I love you, Eve, I love you so!" he breathed passionately.

Her dark eyes narrowed with annoyance.

"Don't be disgusting," she said.

"Disgusting?" he repeated, his arms dropping to his side in surprise. "Well, if I'm disgusting, you have made me so."

"Well, I'm tired," she said half apologetically, the tone of his voice warning her not to go too far, "and I want to be alone."

With a cool "Goodnight" he turned and entered his own room, closing the door behind him.

A FEW evenings later he pleaded fatigue as an excuse for not accompanying Eve and a party of gay friends on their usual round of the night clubs and a half hour later found him ringing the bell of the oldfashioned house Cornelia had discovered in the village.

"Why, Lewis, I'm terribly glad to see you," the girl greeted. "But where is Eve?"

"Out with some friends," he told her a trifle wearily, "dancing, laughing—you know, lots of noise." Cornelia gave him an understanding smile. "Why didn't you tell me more about Eve before I married her?" he questioned suddenly.

"Oh, I couldn't interfere, Lewis," she said quietly, "though I wanted to—terribly. Besides, you had to find out for yourself."

"I am finding out," he returned bitterly. "Just now it's that young Meadows."

"Oh, that's not serious," Cornelia smiled. "Eve always had more than one string to her bow."

But it was serious, more serious than either husband or sister realized. Wilfred Meadows was a playboy with no occupation in life except to live as easily as he could and the young wife of the wealthy Lewis Dyke was a great asset to this occupation. In the beginning, it was just a case of the woman pays—for lunches, dinners, theatre tickets, taxis—then, as the man's own slender means dwindled and he continued to live as he considered was his birthright, Eve's allowance went to pay his rent and to provide him with the necessities of life. But even the allowance of a wife as liberally supplied with funds as Mrs. Lewis Dyke came to an end and the day arrived when her diamond bracelet went in pawn to meet the overdue rent on Meadows's apartment. The bracelet was followed by a ring and then a pin and every other article Eve felt confident her husband would not miss. And the man was content to continue to play around with the fascinating young matron who not only entertained him but kept him from the necessity of earning an honest living.

Then one evening it occurred to Eve to wonder what her husband was doing while she was amusing herself with the latest conquest. Returning from the theatre, she inquired where Mr. Dyke was.

"He said he'll be at your sister's if you asked," her maid told her.

Eve's dark eyes narrowed. Perhaps it would be the course of wisdom to exert a little of her lure on the source of supplies. When Lewis entered his room a half hour later, he found her cuddled up in his bed, arrayed in a sheer black night robe which he had always admired.

"I've been lonely waiting for you," she cooed. He made no reply to her overture. "Did you enjoy your evening with Cornelia?" A nod was his only reply. "What's the matter, dear?" she asked softly, winding her arms about his neck. Gently freeing himself from

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her embrace, he said quietly:

"I'm rather tired tonight, Eve, I'd rather not talk."

Completely ignoring her presence, he busied himself about the room and Eve, after watching him speculatively for a few moments, arose and went back to her own boudoir.

LEWIS DYKE lay awake for hours that night, staring into the darkness. What a mess he had made of things when a kind fate had placed happiness just within his grasp! He thought of those long evenings with Cornelia when she sang to him in the soothing quiet of her lovely home, of their discussions of the art world they both loved, of the long silences when neither felt the necessity for conversation, and there stole over him a feeling of infinite tenderness for the sister whose sweet charm had been eclipsed in his eyes by the physical lure of the girl he had made his wife. This tenderness still lingered with him when he called on Cornelia the next evening and it overflowed at the sincere warmth of her greeting. Involuntarily his arms went out and gently drew her to his heart, while he pressed his lips to hers.

"I wish you hadn't done that," she said when he released her.

"Surely you know that I love you, Cornelia, I've always loved you," he said longingly.

"And I've always loved you, Lewis," she returned, a quiet pride in her confession. "But you mustn't come here any more."

"This is the only happiness I know, dear," he told her wistfully, "these peaceful hours with you."

"It's my only happiness, too," the girl breathed, a soft mist dimming the brightness of her eyes. "I thought we have a right to it, but we haven't. You must remember you are Eve's husband and for her sake, for yours, for mine—" She did not trust herself to say more.

"I suppose you are right, Cornelia," he agreed, reaching for his hat. "What a fool I've been, what a fool!"

The girl was still lost in a dream that was sadly sweet when she was aroused by a ring at the door bell and rose to admit Wilfred Meadows.

"This is rather unexpected," she greeted, her voice far from cordial. "What do you want?"

Meadows seated himself comfortably and drew out a cigarette before he replied:

"I'm going to let you help me out of a hole. I need fifteen hundred dollars."

"I can't see how that interests me."

A little smirk of triumph curled the man's weak mouth.

"Your sister has been kind to me. She let me pawn her jewels to meet my—er—my obligations." He held the tickets up before her. "I thought you'd be glad to purchase these rather than have me take them to Dyke."

Cornelia's calm eyes studied the man before her. Yes, he was cad enough to do what he threatened. When he left a few moments later, she had the pawn tickets safely tucked away in her purse.

EARLY the next morning before Eve had even thought of getting dressed for the day, the maid's announcement that her sister was calling was followed immediately by the entrance of Cornelia. The visitor lost no time in pleasantries.

"Eve, I've come to make a bargain with you," she began.

"I don't make bargains," the younger sister replied, lighting a cigaret. "I get what I want without them."

"You'll be glad to make this one." Cornelia's voice was cutting in its iciness. "Last night Wilfred Meadows told me you had been supporting him." Eve attempted to interrupt with a vehement denial. "These pawn tickets don't lie."

The younger sister laughed lightly as she turned to her mirror.

"Go ahead, give them to Lewis. That fool will believe anything I tell him."

Cornelia's lips set in a grim line of determination.

"Very well, then, if I can't make

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you play fair with Lewis, I'll take him away from you. You never loved him."

Eve wheeled about, her dark eyes flashing.

"Who said I loved him? But I'll never let his money get away from me."

The two sisters stood staring at each other defiantly, then turned at the consciousness of a third presence and faced the cold gaze of Lewis Dyke. The wife hurried to his side.

"Lewis, I want you to tell Cornelia to get out of here and stay out."

The man's eyes rested on the perfect features, not so lovely now, distorted by anger.

"I see no reason why I should say anything so inhospitable," he returned quietly.

"She is trying to blackmail me, to rob me of your love." She summoned the suggestion of tears to her voice as she held the tickets up before him. "I didn't want you to know I pawned my lovely jewelry to pay my bridge debts."

"Never mind lying, Eve," he said crisply. "I overheard most of your conversation. I'll discuss the details of the divorce with your lawyer."

Eve's face went white, first with fright, then with anger.

"Divorce?" she repeated. "Let me tell you—a divorce will cost you plenty."

"Ungallant as it may sound, my dear"—he bowed before her—"it will be worth it."

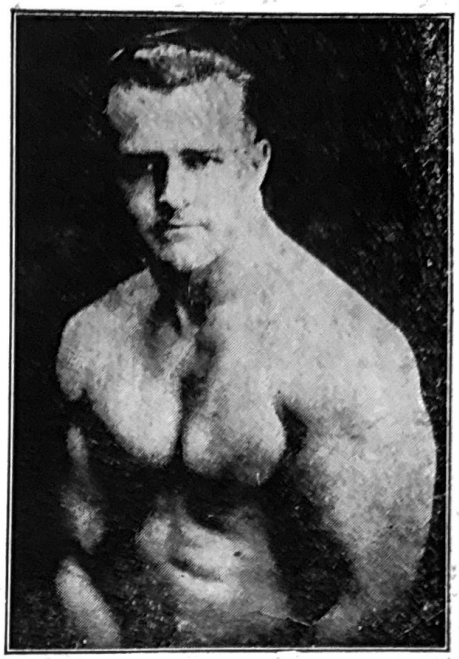
The wife's scornful eyes turned from her husband to her sister who had been watching the scene with a stabbing ache at her heart, then, with a careless shrug of her shoulders, she sauntered from the room.

"I'm sorry, Lewis," Cornelia said regretfully when the door had closed behind her sister. "What can you think of me?"

The man came close to her and took her hands in his.

"I guess you know," he said gently, "but I'll tell you anyhow." He put his arms about her and whispered in her ear.

"I did know that," she smiled through happy tears. "I've always known it."



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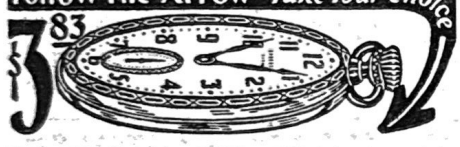

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That's That

(Continued from page 11)

wonders if even Lon Chaney can top this record.

* * *

EACH of Hollywood's film favorites has his own pet theory about what caused his success. Jack Oakie, recently elevated to stardom by Paramount, gives the credit in his case to freckles.

"If it had not been for my freckles, I probably would still be working around some office in New York," he chuckles. "They made me what I am today and I hope they're satisfied. It's this way. Everyone laughs at a freckled kid that is, one who has a good healthy crop of speckles. And did I have them? Say, a turkey-egg would have looked lily-white compared to my face. When people laughed at me, I grinned back. No use in getting mad, and, besides, I didn't mind. It was more fun to laugh than to cry. I learned I could make them laugh harder by making faces, so I used to practice that. Lots of wisecracks were made about my freckles, too, and I began returning those. It was great sport and the best sort of training, although I didn't know it then."

Jack's reputation as a wisecracker carried him from a bond office in Wall Street into vaudeville and thence to the screen. He is now displaying freckles, grin and repartee in his first stellar role, the punk but confident prize fighter who provides uproarious comedy in "The Social Lion", soon to be released.

* * *

HAROLD LLOYD has employed private detectives to hunt for the poisoner of his Champion Great Dane, Illo von der Rhon. The dog was poisoned by strychnine at the Hollywood dog show. If you find him, Harold, ask him for us how about a dose of his own medicine. * * *

MARY LEWIS, Metropolitan Grand Opera Star, entered into her Pathe talking picture contract verbally and it was recorded on sound film, in lieu of the usual written agreement for such transactions.

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Three Sisters

(Continued from page 15)

"I suppose it is the law that you can take my baby," the grief-stricken woman told the Judge. "I suppose it is the law that the Duke may have him if he can do more for him than I can. Perhaps it is a wise law—I don't know. This gentleman"—she nodded in the direction of the attorney "says they want my baby so they can give him everything. I think they mean to—I cannot imagine anyone who would not give everything to little Mario—I know I would. But, whatever they may give him, sir, they cannot give him more love than I do. It doesn't seem much to offer, but love is the greatest thing in the world—and it's all I have to do, to love little Mario. It is all that I live for—to love him."

"The judgment of this court," the magistrate said kindly, "is that, because the child is a duke's heir and because he must become accustomed to the duties and responsibilities of his position and fortune, the custody of the boy, Mario, is hereby awarded to the Duke Filipp Damati. You have an opportunity now to say good-by to the child."

Marta approached the nurse who had been brought to court by the Duke and Duchess.

"Mario, Mario!" she moaned, the tears raining on the tiny, upturned face. "Oh, must I say good-by to you now? My baby, my boy!" The sob that she could not choke back echoed through the court room and tears misted the eyes of the Duchess, while the men shifted uneasily, embarrassed by the sight of her grief. Then she turned to the Duchess and held out the Cross of St. Lazarus. "His father left this with me to give to his son."

AND what was there for Marta to live for now, first her children, then her little grandson torn from her heart? But she was a noble woman and brave. There might still be something for her to do in the world, still reason for her to carry on. In a restaurant adjoining Rinaldi's

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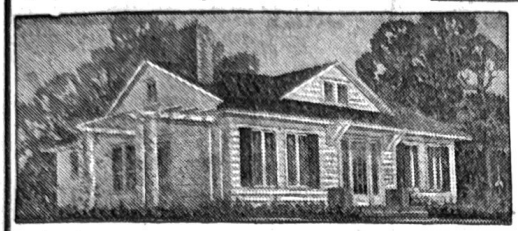

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news stand, she found work, washing dishes. At the end of each day, she was worn out, too tired to think, and she welcomed the heavy slumber that brought oblivion. Then came the night when, as she turned wearily from the sink, the dishes slipped from her hands and crashed to the floor. The gruff proprietor immediately discharged her.

As the tired, heart-sick woman took her hat from the rack and trudged out through the main dining-room, a joyous cry of "Mama! Mama!" broke from two girlish throats and the next minute she was almost swept off her feet by strong young arms. Carlotta and Antonia and their husbands had come over to Rome in search of her, worried that they had received no letters from her, no acknowledgement of the checks they had sent regularly in Pasquale's care.

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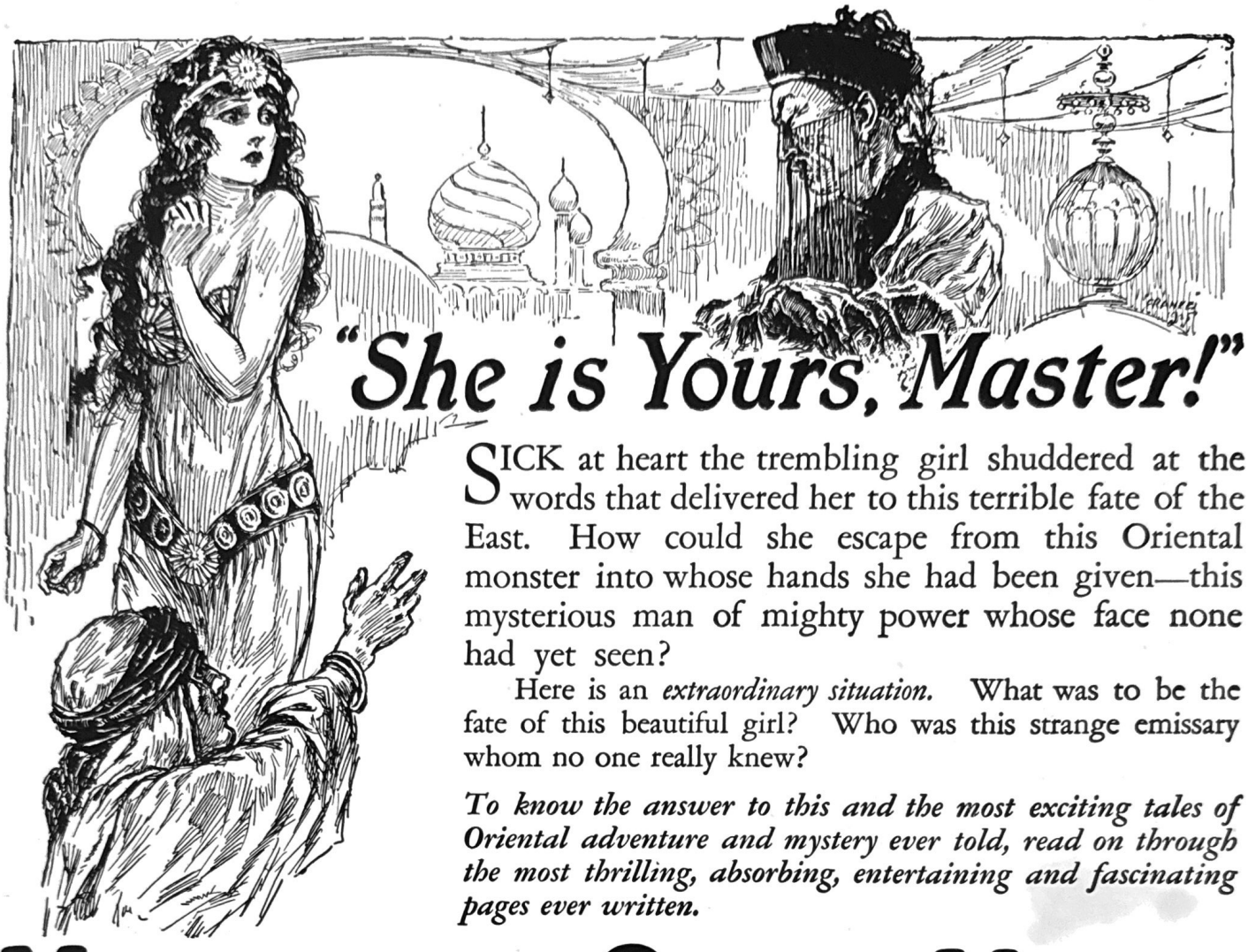
IT WAS a merry gathering at the restaurant that night. Everyone in the place feasted at Tony's expense—everyone except Marta and Rinaldi. The woman's heart was too filled with thanksgiving, her eyes too busy gazing at the faces of her children grouped about her to permit her to do more than touch the food placed before her. And Rinaldi? There was a lump in his throat, for he saw beneath the joyousness of Marta's beaming face the shadow of a sorrow that would be forever new as, mingled with her children's happy laughter, came the echo of a voice that was still—and the faint cry of a tiny boy child.



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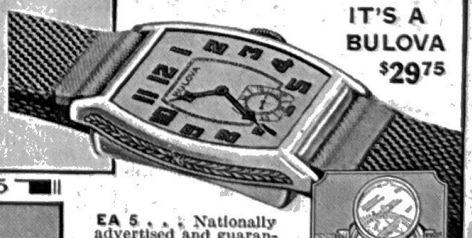

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